

ADDLES: £500 IN BIG PRIZES AND 2,000 GIFTS.

PEARSON'S

£1,000

Free Insurance.



WEEKLY.

No. 1187.]

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 12, 1913.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A Golden Opportunity for Boys & Girls



£330 IN PRIZES

Offered by the Proprietors
of VI-COCOA to Boys
and Girls of their Cus-
tomers to enable them to
get a good start in life.

**THREE YEARS' SCHOLAR-
SHIPS AND
APPRENTICE ALLOWANCES.**

We want to interest the coming generation in the merits of Vi-Cocoa. We want them to understand why Vi-Cocoa tastes so much better than other cocoas, why it does so much more good. We want them, as they grow up, and have homes of their own, to continue the use of Vi-Cocoa as their parents have done before them. Moreover, we want to show our appreciation of what you have done to build up this Vi-Cocoa business.

The Chance of a Lifetime for Every Boy & Girl.

Lots of our customers would like to give their children a better chance in life. They would like to keep a promising boy or girl at school longer, or send them to a higher-grade school, but they cannot afford it. They would like to apprentice one or the other, but apprentices' wages do not help the family exchequer much. Now, we are going to give:—

One boy, £20 per annum for 3 years, £60
One girl, £20 " " for 3 " £60
One boy, £10 " " for 3 " £30

One girl, £10 per annum for 3 years, £30
Five boys, £5 " " for 3 " £75
Five girls, £5 " " for 3 " £75

A total of £330

Vi-Cocoa is put up in three sizes only—the 6d. packet and the 9d. and 1/6 tins. The prizes will be awarded to the boys and girls who collect the highest value in labels from the packets and tins. The boys who collect most among the boys, and the girls who collect most among the girls, will gain the prizes. The part required is the whole of the front which has the price on in the red seal. In the case of the packets the front can be cut out; in the tins the labels are loose and can be easily cut off. Boys and girls can collect labels from their relatives, friends, and neighbours. If they know anybody who uses Vi-Cocoa and hasn't got a boy or girl going in for the Competition, they can ask them to let them have their labels every week. They can write away to aunts and grandmothers for them. Keep all that are collected until the last week in September. Then send them in, all together, in one parcel, any time between the 23rd and the 29th of September. Don't send before the 23rd or after the 29th. Be sure you get the right amount of postage on the parcel by asking at the post office. Write on a piece of paper inside the parcel your name and address in full, and put the amount like this:

30 6d. labels	...	...	...	£ s. d.
20 9d. labels	...	...	...	0 15 0
20 1s. 6d. labels	...	...	...	1 10 0
				Total £3 0 0

DRINK VI-COCOA FOR STAMINA & STRENGTH.

The prizes will be awarded for the highest amounts.
Now start collecting at once. Don't miss any chance, and it may give you a good start in life. The first year's instalments will be sent as soon as the contest is decided.

CUT AWAY HERE VI-COCOA BOYS' AND GIRLS' PRIZE COUPON

Keep this until you are ready, and then cut out and fill in this form.

Coupons { at 6d. £
enclosed { " 9d. £
..... " 1/6 £
Total £

Name

Address

N.B.—If you enclose an envelope addressed to yourself, with a 1d. stamp on, we will send you a printed list of successful candidates as soon as it is decided.

Address your wrapper—

**VI-COCOA, CHILDREN'S COMPETITION,
12 Henry Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.**

KEEP THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

A £500 WINNER WINSTON'S WINNING WAY

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Winston has won a £500 Prize and nearly 100 others for himself, and is confident that he can win for others. His solutions are of a distinct nature and far in advance of any others being sent out by rival advertisers.

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Make your own Cigarette. It is twice as good as good.

AG

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BEST and PUREST

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book, and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 42 and 43 Great Russell St. London, W.C. Established 25 years.

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The "SILKRITE" SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen, Post Free, 1/6
G. Gittins, Esq. writes: "The 'Silkrite' Pen would be cheap at five times the price."



GUARANTEED 5 YEARS!! Rich Ebony barrel 7 inches long, fitted 14-ct. Gold-plated nib; fills itself in two seconds!
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suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered in 30 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colours to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY! With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS & TWO RUGS for 10/6

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm



RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm

47 Lewin Rd., Street-am Com., S.W., May 12th. TESTIMONIALS.
Mrs. Margary writes: "Will be obliged by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Leeds, sending her another Prudential Brussels Carpet, size 10 1/2 ft. by 13 ft. Cheque enclosed, 11/6." Mrs. Margary states: "I have had several of these carpets during the last sixteen years and have been very well pleased with them."

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CON-TIN-UE.

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"THE HIGHEST COCOA VALUE OBTAINABLE."

NO COUPONS—FULL VALUE IN THE COCO

PURE
BREAKFAST

Cocoa

No. 1137.

THE REA

A MAN was sued for a debt repeatedly called in this offer did not see the creditor. At last the judge asked his unwillingness to a week off the debt. His reply was: "Well, you say, you have a debt!"

Mrs. B. B. (who has a daughter is housewife) some fine things! in a hundred and five. Mrs. Jealous (spitefully) said it, I suppose!

Young man: "Young man, how low to dance?" Young Man: "Well, he's left, but I don't know!"

DON'T PUT OF

A GENTLEMAN who had been in the city only three days had been paying to a prominent belly, who proposed, but was afraid to be thought too haughty, had been the day yesterday.

"If I were to speak of marriage, after having of your acquaintance three what would you say to it?" "Well, I should say if I'll to-morrow that would have done the day yesterday."

"I've found," said Mr. why those inquisitive across the street are looking into our window. "Maybe," suggested him, "it's to find out how they're looking into."

Old Mother (who had no good of himself) an outsider who ought to be what you think of. "Maybe," said Mr. "I think a lot more."

NO WO

It was a healthy boy and the garden in eye. "I don't give you any A start, mischievous boy's living. "But I haven't any w that's your own f You look energy. You are worth when you dis I wouldn't like to Oh, I wouldn't, ch I would I was a pa

"MIDDLE

FIRST PRIZE

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 1187.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 12, 1913.

ONE PENNY.

THE REASON WHY.

A MAN was sued for a certain amount of money. The debtor repeatedly offered to work off the debt, but this offer did not seem at all to suit the taste of the creditor.

At last the judge asked the plaintiff the reason for his unwillingness to accept the debtor's offer to "work off the debt."

His reply was:

"Well, you see, your honour, the man's an undertaker!"

Mrs. Rebecca (who "chairs" at a house where her daughter is housemaid): "My word, they have got some fine things! Why, their dinner service is in a hundred and five pieces."

Mrs. Jealous (spitefully): "Yes—your daughter dropped it, I suppose!"

Parson: "Young man, do you know how to dance?"

Young Man: "Well, I know the holds, but I don't know the steps."

DON'T PUT OFF!

A GENTLEMAN who had been in the city only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately approached the subject as follows:

"If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say to it?"

"Well, I should say never put off till to-morrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday."

"I WONDER," said Mrs. Flirty, "why those inquisitive people across the street are always looking into our windows?"

"Maybe," suggested her husband, "it's to find out why you are always looking into theirs."

Club Member (who has overheard no good of himself): "I'm an outsider who ought to be kicked, am I? So that's what you think of me, is it?"

Culprit: "My dear fellow, that's only what I say. I think a lot more of you."

NO WONDER.

He was a healthy looking man to be begging, and the gentleman eyed him suspiciously.

"I can't give you any money," he said sternly. "A stout, able-bodied fellow like you ought to be earning a living."

"But I haven't any work, sir."

"That's your own fault, I'll venture to say. You lack energy. You didn't throw yourself into your work when you did have it."

"I wouldn't like to have done! Nor would you, sir."

"Oh, I wouldn't, eh? Why not?"

"Because I was a gravedigger!"

WANTED TO MAKE A FILM.

THE justice of the peace leaned over towards the defendant. "You are accused," he thundered, "of wilfully striking and causing serious bodily harm to Mr. Tomkins, cinematograph operator, of this town. What have you to say in your defence?"

"Your honour," remarked the accused, "the man insulted me."

"Insulted you? In what way?" demanded the magistrate.

"If you please, your honour, the man came into my shop and asked if he could take a moving picture of the cheese!"

"JONES is extremely attentive to his wife."

"Still very much in love with her, eh?"

"Either that, or he is afraid of her."

GAVE THE GAME AWAY.

Conjuror (who is about to begin his performance):

"Will any boy please lend me his assistance?"

Boy comes forward.

Conjuror: "Have you ever seen me before, my boy?"

Boy: "No, father."



QUITE UNEXPECTED.

A MAN who is noted for his laziness was lounging along a country road the other day, feeling very tired, when a stranger drove up in a dog-cart and said:

"Aren't you tired of walking?"

"Yes, I am," replied the man. "Much obliged to you!"—and he started towards the cart, hoping for a lift.

"Well, why don't you run for a bit?" said the stranger, driving off.

Among the members of a working gang on a certain railroad was an Irishman who claimed to be very good at figures. The boss, thinking that he would get ahead of Pat, said: "Say, Pat, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?"

"That depends," answered Pat, "on whose yard you get into."

MONEY FOR NOTHING.

A HORSE which had been matched against another, met with an unlucky accident and broke its leg. The owner sought out his opponent, and, telling him that his horse had fallen sick and might not be able to run, proposed to forfeit half the stakes to be off the race.

The other agreed with unexpected readiness, and the money was paid over. When this had been done, the first owner remarked: "I got out of that business pretty well, for my horse has broken his leg."

"I got out of it better!" retorted the other, "for my horse is dead!"

Mistress: "Really, cook, what have you been doing? Seven o'clock—and the rabbit not put on yet!"

Cook: "Can't 'elp it, ma'am; I never knew anything take so long to pluck in my life."

Mrs. Knicker: "Haven't you forgotten I gave you a piece of pie only yesterday?"

Weary Willie: "Yes'm; I've tried to forget and forgive."

I DON'T THINK!

Petite Doctor: "Your husband, madam, is suffering either from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants; it is difficult to say which."

Anxious Wife: "Oh, I'm sure it's overwork! Why, he can't even go to the theatre without hurrying out half a dozen times to see one of his partners."

Lieutenant (to his orderly): "Bring me a beefsteak and a poached egg."

Orderly: "Excuse me, sir, but haven't you forgotten that you are to dine to-night at Countess Stingely's?"

Lieutenant: "That's so! I had forgotten. Bring me two beefsteaks and two poached eggs."

Young Man: "My cousin has very long hair. When she undoes it it falls down to her waist."

His Sweetheart: "Indeed!"

Her Kid Brother: "That's nothin'. When you undo your hair it falls to the floor, don't it, Mary?"

SOON STARTED.

A YOUNG waiter and his wife had been married only a few months, but it was quite apparent to the wife that her husband's affection for her was waning. Laurence developed a tendency to stay out late at night, and now it was early morning when his wife heard a violent knocking at the door. "Who is there?" she shouted from the bedroom window.

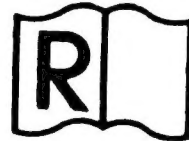
"It's me," replied Laurence, nervously. "I've just come from the meeting. We have been considering the present strike."

"Oh, have you? Well, you can sit on the doorstep and consider the present lock-out!" was the wife's sharp retort.

"MIDDLES" PRIZES BIGGER THAN EVER.

FIRST PRIZE £300 10 PRIZES OF £20
2,000 CONSOLATION GIFTS

(See page 1072.)





His Little Housekeeper

The Story of a Young Bachelor's Escapade Which Would Have Shocked Mrs. Grundy.

By LILLIE ROSS CLYNE.

DOCTOR MERLE, lost in thought in his sitting-room, was suddenly brought back to earth by a tap, tap, tap at the window.

He jumped up and peered into the darkness. "I must get that ivy nailed up to-morrow, the row it makes gives one the creeps," he mentally ejaculated, and taking out his watch was surprised to find it was after midnight. Just as he had collected the papers he wanted to "read himself to sleep with" and was on his way to his bedroom, the tapping became louder and a woman's voice calling "Jack" fell upon his ears.

"Ivy can't speak, that's one thing certain," muttered Godfrey as, unbolting the front door, he made his way round to the back in which direction the sound had come from. He was not naturally a nervous man, but it was the first time in his life he had ever remained in a house alone all night, and the weird dreams that came to him as he dozed in the chair had unsettled his nerves. Till then he had been living with a housekeeper who the day before had left him to live with an ailing mother.

Just as the doctor came within sight of the ivied window he heard the voice again call "Jack, Jack, Jack!" three times, and then saw a figure of a woman fall to the ground.

"Good Heavens, that's queer. A lady, too, if I may judge by her voice. I certainly can't leave her out here all night, but it's jolly awkward for me taking a woman into my bachelor residence. I don't like the idea, but this is no time for Mrs. Grundy's interference, so I'll just have to carry her in and see what can be done." Very tenderly did Godfrey lift the girl and place her upon the sofa whilst he went to his surgery for necessary restoratives.

"Jack, dear Jack. You won't be vexed with me any more. You will—will forgive me?" were the words he heard as he re-entered the room.

"My name doesn't happen to be Jack, and I certainly won't be angry. Are you feeling better?" Godfrey answered.

"Yes, thank you, but where is Jack, and why is the furniture changed? I think I must have fainted. I've walked miles to get back to my brother Jack. He promised mother he would never leave 'Monaville' and Jack never breaks his word."

The situation was somewhat difficult, for Godfrey tumbled to the fact that she must be speaking of Jack Lambert, the solicitor, who had owned the house until the day of his death, a little more than a year past. He hardly thought it advisable at the present juncture to acquaint the invalid of her brother's decease, but said judiciously in order to find out if his surmise were correct:

"I don't think I would worry about anything to-night, Miss Lambert. I advise a night's rest before you do any talking. I happen to be a doctor and diagnose your case as being exhaustion and faintness brought on by lack of food and over-exertion. Do you think you could manage to walk upstairs?"

"Oh, yes," was the faint reply; but her actions belied her words, for no sooner had she put her feet to the ground than the room seemed to swim round and round, and once more she fell into a dead faint.

Thinking that it was the wisest plan, Godfrey carried the girl and placed her on his own bed—the only one in the house that was then properly equipped as a sleeping place. He soon brought her to consciousness, then, giving her instructions to lie still, he went down stairs to return with a cup of hot milk which he watched her drink, and then forbidding her to talk any more, said:

"Good-night, Miss Lambert. Do not hesitate to ring the bell if you feel worse or want anything."

Ida Lambert was far too weak to even wonder where she was or how the doctor got into her old home. She just vaguely surmised that he must be on a visit to Jack or he would not have at once called her Miss Lambert.

Godfrey didn't spend what one could term a good or comfortable night. The sofa was hard, and unless he kept his knees cramped up they hung out in the cold, so he gladly hailed daylight and got up before six.

"Why, I feel worse than if I'd been up with a patient all night," he said to himself as he stretched and set about putting the kettle on to make a cup of tea, musing as he took down the crockery, "I've let myself into a dickens of a hole and no mistake. If the neighbourhood learns that I've had a pretty young girl under my roof all night I shall be the talk of the place and possibly have to retire from here."

It was by no means a pleasant task breaking the

news. When breakfast was over, Godfrey took the girl—much better after a night's rest—and unconcealed her in a comfortable arm chair. Then he told her as diplomatically as possible how, a little more than a year ago John Lambert, her brother, had died after a brief illness and that the house had been sold to pay existing debts, and that he, Dr. Merle, had rented it from the present owner.

Ida was absolutely stunned by the news, but no tears escaped her eyes. It was quite evident to Godfrey that she had passed through so much trouble that tears would not come readily to her relief.

"But what am I to do, doctor? I have no money and no place to go to. Why, oh why was I such a fool as to leave my home for a man who proved the vilest of the vile? Why did I not believe Jack when he told me I had given my heart to a blackguard? Oh, Jack, Jack, if I had stayed here you would have been alive to-day." And she buried her face in her hands and dry sobs shook her frail body.

"There, there, little woman," said the doctor sympathetically, "you are not strong enough to upset yourself like this. Besides, we must think out ways and means. I am a bachelor alone in the house and do not possibly see how you can remain here. Have you any friends in the neighbourhood who would take you in?"

"Oh, no, no, they all turned against me when I left. I dare not face the people here. Keep me with you, Dr. Merle. Let me be your servant just till I've earned a little money to get some clothes and go away. Believe me, I'll slave for you and you will never have cause to regret your goodness."

Godfrey was on the point of telling her that her proposition was quite out of the question and not to be dreamt of, but as her eyes filled with tears he hesitated and begged her to tell him in exactly what position she stood, and he listened intently as she told the following sad tale:

"Three years ago I fell in love with a man whom I thought to be the soul of honour and goodness. My brother, and only living relative, never liked or trusted him, and begged me over and over again to have nothing to do with him. Would to God I had taken his advice. I was really only a silly, headstrong girl of twenty years of age, and I think he must have mesmerised me with his soft black eyes, for just before Christmas came he persuaded me to run away."

"What was the result? What is always the result when a woman loves too fondly? Harold Steering treated me as a precious plaything for a few brief weeks and then he showed himself in his true colours. He loved me for a time in his selfish, passionate way, but, like the toys of his youth, I was destined to be broken and cast aside. More than once he hit me, and, oh! I can talk of the awful time no more. I cannot bear to think of it."

As the doctor stroked the girl's hair and bade her not to upset herself, a flood of tears came over her, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. His goodness had accomplished what blows and ill-treatment could not do. Bit by bit, as the day wore on, Ida told how she had spent her last farthing to enable her to get from Monte Carlo to London, and from there she had tramped to Surbiton in the hope that her brother would forgive her and give her shelter.

As the evening began to draw in Godfrey felt that

something must be arranged, and he put the following proposition to the destitute girl:

"I have one suggestion to make, but unless you can feel entire confidence in me your wisest plan is to reject it at once. I am, as you know, without a housekeeper, and sooner or later I shall have to engage one. I cannot afford, neither would I care to have two women in the house, so with the exception of a weekly charwoman the whole of the household duties would fall on the housekeeper. I am prepared to engage you for the position at twenty pounds a year, but I make one stipulation—you will have to assume a certain amount of disguise. It would ruin my practice to have here as young a woman as yourself."

"God bless you, Dr. Merle, I will do everything you wish. I believe you to be the soul of honour and you shall never regret this act of kindness."

"There is no necessity for thanks. It is a mutual accommodation, and if you work well it will have saved me the trouble of going to a registry office. I will pay into town for the necessary aids to age, but, mind you, do not open the door to anyone whilst I am away, because if it becomes known that you are as young as you look my offer will be cancelled."

As the train whirled the doctor to the adjoining town he began to think that he had taken a somewhat foolish step. "Anyway," he muttered to himself, "it's got to be done now and if ill comes of the project it will be another black mark against the name of Fate."

The change in Ida's appearance after she had donned her disguise was miraculous. Godfrey had not brought a quite grey wig, realising that it would not harmonise with her lack of crow marks. It was just streaked with silver threads and with the glasses and the haggard appearance which was the result of privation gave the effect of a woman close on fifty. As Ida surveyed herself in the glass she could not have believed that such a change could have been effected.

"This will now be your home," Dr. Merle had said. "We need not relegate you to the kitchen; the little room at the back is well fitted up and will make a comfortable place for you to spend your leisure hours. You will, I fear, find it somewhat lonely, as I shall work again to-morrow and shall be very little at home. It will not be wise for you to make any intimate acquaintances, because the less closely you are observed the better. Meanwhile, I will make inquiries and endeavour to find a more suitable situation."

Ida was quite willing to fall in with anything her benefactor suggested, and from that day forth a magic thread began to wind itself around the lives of the two young people.

One week when his brother came on a visit Godfrey was at first a bit afraid that he would discover the secret of his housekeeper's age, but fortunately he was a bit shortsighted, and Ida was such a good actress that she had become quite accustomed to her change of make-up, which was always artistically arranged.

The tale that she had to wear a wig because she lost her hair when she had scarlet fever passed muster and all seemed to be getting along satisfactorily when one day Graham Merle said, "I say, Frey, aren't you a bit stand-offish with Miss Lambert? It's quite evident she's a lady. It must be deucedly lonely for her shut up in that room evening after evening, and she's a beautiful pianist. I listened to her playing for quite an hour last night while you were wound stitching."

"It is not advisable, Graham, for master and servant to be too familiar with each other. But if you like we'll ask her in here for a little music."

Graham jumped at the proposition and insisted there and then on fetching Miss Lambert. After that the trio spent many a pleasant evening together. Graham had a fine baritone voice and Godfrey could play the violin and make tears come to his listeners' eyes. Ida was never happier than when accompanying the brothers on the piano.

She still had young blood in her veins, and her recent enforced solitude had become very irksome. She knew that when the visitor left it would be necessary for her to return to her sanctum again, and therefore it was with many regrets that she bade Graham "good-bye."

"Don't allow the doctor to shut himself out so much, Miss Lambert. Make him keep up his violin playing. It's all very well for him to christen himself 'Loveproof,' but some of these days a young and pretty patient will steal his heart and he'll have no accomplishments to show off to 'papa' and 'mamma.'"

"I'll not forget, Mr. Graham. I'll go straight home and write a notice, 'Don't forget to practise,' and put it in front of his shaving glass," replied Ida as she turned away.

Three days later, as the housekeeper was softly playing to herself, she heard a gentle tap at the door. "Come in, Dr. Merle!" she cried as she jumped off the stool. It was the first time that "master" had ever visited her in her room.

"Don't stop playing, Miss Lambert. There may be something magic in your fingers, for they have done me here against my better judgment. Yet, in reflection, Mrs. Grundy could take no exception at our having an hour's music together. Besides, I

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When I reject a story I inclose with it a printed slip saying why it is unsuitable.

see a notice before my eyes every morning and how can I fulfil the instructions if I've no one to accompany me?"

Ida and the doctor both smiled as they recalled how literally the former had kept her promise to the absent brother. "I'll play for you with pleasure, doctor, for as your brother said, it is a sin for you to neglect your music."

Many and many a pleasant hour after that did the doctor and his little "old" housekeeper spend together at their music. But one day as she began to collect her music and retire Godfrey called her back.

"Sit down in that easy chair, Miss Lambert. I have something to say to you."

The girl turned hot and cold all over as she obeyed. "It's no use, Miss Lambert," he began. "Our present position is becoming unbearable. I might have known such a fool's escapade would never answer. You cannot possibly remain under my roof in the present conditions. I want you to be my wife."

Ida had not anticipated this and was absolutely carried away. She had not thought previously to look into her own heart, but now she knew that he loved her the knowledge of her love for him burst upon her and for a few happy moments she gave herself up to the enchantment of Cupid and nestled in his arms as he pressed kiss after kiss upon her lips. Presently she started up with an expression of agony on her face. "No, no, Godfrey, I must not, I dare not love you. Have you forgotten my husband?"

It was the doctor's turn to start now. "Husband, Ida, husband? Good God, were you married to the brute?"

The happiness of a few moments ago was indeed turned to grief for these two who loved each other, and Godfrey stood silently for a while, his white face resting on his hand. At last a gleam of hope came to him and he asked the girl if she had heard from her husband lately.

"I have never seen nor heard from him since one winter's night when he turned me out into the streets," she replied.

"Then there is hope, dear. He may be dead. The life you told me he led does not conduce to a man's longevity. I will leave for the Continent to-morrow and try and trace him. If you can tell me of his haunts it may not be a difficult task. I'll write Brownlow to-night to look after my patients for me."

The search for Harold Steering was easier than Dr. Merle anticipated. After a little wandering from one gambling place to another he one evening overheard the following conversation:

"It's wonderful how Steering falls on his feet every time. He's done nothing but lose of late, but he must be getting nearly to the end of his tether though."

"Harold Steering will never be at a loss for coin so long as he has the knack of fascinating women. That little sister of Will Geary's has given him a good bit, I'll be bound, and he means no good by the girl."

Godfrey didn't stop to hear any more. He artfully set about to make the acquaintance of "Will," and got him to point out Steering, who proved to be a fine, strong, healthy specimen of manhood, so far as appearance was concerned. He certainly looked good for another thirty years. The doctor's spirits sank to zero. "Poor Ida," he thought, "to-morrow I must take the truth home to my darling, and that means parting. Oh, it is too terrible."

Before leaving, however, he thought it only right to give Willie Geary a word of warning. "Excuse the liberty I, a stranger, am taking, Mr. Geary, but you're too decent a chap for me to keep it from you. Take your sister home before she is lost under the influence of a man like Harold Steering, who has a wife living."

"Steering married?" said Will. "Are you sure?" Willie had had more than enough to drink, but the news seemed to sober him.

"Ask him, if you don't believe me. Then, if that doesn't satisfy you, bluff and say you knew his wife, Ida Lambert." With these words Godfrey turned and left the place.

It was in a very depressed frame of mind that Godfrey Merle took his seat in the train that was to carry him homewards. At last his thoughts became so unbearable that in desperation he opened the morning paper in the hope of diverting them.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed aloud as big headlines caught his eye:

"Harold Steering Shot Dead! End of an Adventurous Life!"

Eagerly he devoured the paper and read how, to avenge his sister, a young man had quarrelled with and eventually shot the notorious regue and gambler.

Dr. and Mrs. Merle are now the happiest couple in the world. They have a dear little fair-haired girl who is the idol of their hearts. One day when she was about four years old the parents were surprised to see her enter the room with a wig and pair of glasses in her hand.

"See, mummy, I've found a lady's head and eyes. Where's she good?" lisped the little one.

"The lady has pretty golden hair now, dear," replied her father, "and she's dearer to me to-day than she was in the dear old time when she was 'daddy's little housekeeper.'"

Have You a Miser's Writing?

Your Handwriting Will Tell Your Character to a T.

HAVE you ever tried to tell a person's character by his or her handwriting? It is really quite simple and interesting. Ascending writing shows energy, with ambition and some determination, while descending writing shows depression, a lack of decision, and want of courage.

To be happy we must learn to understand life and to know ourselves.

The writing of a person with a moody disposition, weak-willed.

Writing which both ascends and descends shows a moody disposition, not a strong will; a person who writes thus is fond of versatility and is inconsistent, especially so when the writing varies in size as well.

Large writing shows much ardour, imagination, and when finished with many flourishes, there is self-assertion, together with self-appreciation, extravagance and rather a lack of refinement.

Small writing shows a love of detail, criticism,

Many thanks

Large writing, with plenty of flourishes, shows self-assertion, extravagance, lack of refinement.

and with many curly tails to the letters, some egotism and selfishness.

When the writing is small, mean-looking, and cramped, and the writer docks the tails of his letters and leaves hardly any space between the lines and words, the disposition is mean, in fact miserly.

Good business writing is neat, even, and orderly; all stops put in after numbers and names, all t's carefully dotted immediately above them, all t's crossed carefully

and evenly, all stops full and round, not hurriedly made.

Rounded terminals with any writing shows love of ease, luxury, comfort, some artistic taste.

Angular in shape shows much vivacity and energy. Terminals with a long upward tendency show a careless happy-go-lucky nature.

Sloping writing shows romance and sentiment, and with long-tailed and headed letters, much affection, generosity, but sensitive nature.

Upright writing shows rather a cold-hearted nature, obstinate, energetic and determined, a lack of sympathy;

if thin, selfishness is shown, if thick, self-indulgence; upright writing is usually small.

The hand of a good business man.

Backward writing shows always, much selfishness, and a want of consideration for others.

When the words in writing run into each other it shows the writer is a fluent speaker, with an active brain and a logical mind.

When the small letters of a and o and d in writing are all closed, it shows the writer does not tell all, he is self-contained, cautious, and discreet.

But when these letters are left open they show the writer is

talkative, garrulous; in fact, a gossip generally.

All well-formed capital letters show an artistic, poetical, and cultivated mind.

Badly-formed capitals with flourishes show eccentricity, imagination, and pretension.

There is a great deal of character to be told from

the different ways people have of forming their T's, more especially the small letter t. The mere crossing of this letter alone shows the writer's will power, energy, disposition, and temper.

A T crossed high above the letter with a long, thin stroke shows energy, but an irritable temper. Should this long crossbar have a small hook at the end, much perseverance is shown. When a T is not crossed at all, the will power is not great and the writer is of a nervous disposition.

T's which are crossed with a short, thick bar show a quick temper.

T's crossed with a thick bar which tapers off show a lively, good-tempered person.

A very strong-willed person is detected by the y's and g's having no return tails either to right or left, but which end in a strong, firm stroke, perhaps square at the end; with these kind of letters the signature of such a writer would generally have under it one

thick, strong, straight line or bar, and their T's will be found crossed low down with a short, thick bar.

When the small d is looped and thus joined to the following letters, it shows literary taste or talent, a well-regulated mind, and a sequence of ideas.

When the small d ends in a "snail shell-like" flourish, it shows much pretension and a love of display.

The letters M and N also are of much interest. When the first stroke of the letter M is much or any higher than the other two strokes, there is a certain amount of pride, and discontent if very high.

A writer who makes an M with many flourishes is too imaginative, too vain, and too self-satisfied.

When the letter M is gracefully formed and delicately rounded, artistic taste, any way appreciation of art, is shown; in fact, application of art and beauty is always shown when all the capital letters are clearly and gracefully made.

When the letters in writing are all more or less separate, it shows the writer is a severe critic and

Take all round, it is the most interesting piece of news.

Here the letters are more or less separate. This denotes a severe critic, self-opinionated, observant, and unemotional person.

somewhat self-opinionated, fond of reading good works, very observant, and rather original and very unconventional.

MOTHER (to son across her knee): "I'll teach you to tie saucepans to dogs' tails."

"But, mother, it isn't our dog."

"No, I know it isn't our dog. But it's my saucepan."

—I want a change, however, from the usual "Editor's Regrets." Something cheering!

STARTING A PICTURE PALACE ON NOTHING.

A True Story of a Plucky Struggle with Adversity.

(Many articles have appeared telling people how to start a moving picture theatre on various small sums, from £100 upwards. The following is a true and exact account of how Mr. Vincent Walker, proprietor of the picture palace known as "Spot's Photoplayhouse," Stroud, started his venture without any capital whatever, eventually making of it a brilliant success.)

Not so very many years back I was earning from £40 to £60 a week on the variety stage.

But the music-hall strike broke out. I was on the committee, and I took an exceedingly prominent part in the struggle. As a result, I found myself boycotted by the proprietors and agents, and from comparative affluence I was reduced, in the course of time, to something very like beggary.

My last settled habitation in those dark days was a tiny flat of two rooms in the Borough, for which I paid, or rather I didn't pay, half-a-crown a week. This sheltered for awhile myself, my sister, who is a clever song and dance artiste, and my wife, who is an accomplished and brilliant pianist.

But even this poor apology for a home failed us after a time, and we were turned out into the street. We tried "busking," and we gave our show at "penny gaffs," and at small portable, open-air theatres round London. This was in the summer of 1909.

No Money for Railway Fares.

Then one Sunday I heard of an opening at Stroud. An *ad fresco* troupe was going to start there on the Monday, and they had a vacancy for a double-turn, like the one my sister and I were giving.

The difficulty was that we had no money, nor any means of getting any. However, we went to Paddington and interviewed the station-master there. After a lot of persuading he agreed to let us have three tickets, on condition that we left our dress-baskets with him as security.

We had been told that we were to perform on a lawn in the centre of the town. As a matter of fact, our pitch was a backyard, with a hump in the middle of it in the shape of a rubbish-heap.

The most money we took there was 3s. 8d.; the least was—nothing. I gave in then.

Next day a farmer gave us a job, my sister and I. I did ordinary labouring work, my sister picked peas, pulled thistles, and so on. We earned two shillings a day each. Our hours were from seven till six. It was muscle-tiring, back-aching, mind-deadening toil; at all events to us, who were unaccustomed to it.

"This Chapel to Let."

The summer began to wane. The farmer told us that in three or four weeks, when the harvest was over and done with, there would be no more work for us. That evening my sister and I walked home to our lodgings in a very dejected frame of mind.

Suddenly I caught sight of an old disused chapel by the roadside, with a board outside announcing that it was to let, and an idea came into my head. Telling my sister to wait a bit, I vaulted over the fence, and had a look at it. It was in a pretty dilapidated state, I could see, but roof and walls were sound. I rejoined my sister and told her I was going to rent the place.

"Whatever for?" she asked.

"I'll turn it into a picture palace," I said.

She laughed. She thought I was joking. But I wasn't—not by a long way.

I got the key from the agent and made an offer of five shillings a week rent for the property on a renewable lease. The building was a white elephant to the owner, who was glad to let it on almost any terms whatever.

Exit Doors were a Nuisance.

They had the lease ready in a jiffy, and I was told to call and sign it, bringing the first week's rent with me as earnest money. I scraped together the amount, and the very next day I started work on my "property," with a view to transforming it from a chapel into a theatre.

My great trouble was the provision of exit doors. The local authorities insisted on a sufficiency of these, and as it happened the chapel had been built on the slope of a steep hill, and the builders had only dug into it the exact width of the building, leaving the clay banked up against the walls on three sides to a height of from four to six feet.

To remove it so as to form a clear passage-way of sufficient width all round would cost, I was told, one hundred pounds. This, of course, was out of

the question, so my sister and I set to work and dug it out ourselves, with the aid of a wheelbarrow and picks and shovels, lent us by our employer the farmer. Altogether we shifted 261 tons of it between us. This we did in the early mornings, before going to work on the farm. We had prevailed on the farmer to allow us to start work at nine instead of at seven, putting in an extra two hours in the evening to balance matters.

In this way, by rising every day at 4.30 a.m., we were able to put in about four hours at clay shifting before starting on our regular employment. It was hard work, as may well be imagined.

But I was content, for, day by day, my chapel was being transformed, inside as well as out. Only the pews were left in position, where they were to serve for seating accommodation.

Piano and Curtain Sent Me.

Every bit of the work was done by our own hands. We painted and papered the walls, we reglazed the windows, and we cut spaces through the walls for the exit-doors, afterwards making the doors themselves and hanging them.

"How did I get the necessary materials?" you ask. My answer is that my fellow-townsmen, seeing that I was making what they were pleased to term a "game fight" against adversity, came to my assistance in a way that I can never forget. One man, an upholsterer, fitted up a handsome drop-curtain on my promising to pay him later on. Another local tradesman allowed me to have a piano on similar terms. These are but samples of many similar kindnesses I received.

Meanwhile, we had finished our summer's work on the farm, and were dependent for our living on what we could earn by busking at flower-shows, fêtes, school treats, and other similar local functions, such as are fairly common in the country in the autumn. We used to hire a portable harmonium, which my wife played, while my sister and I gave a song and dance entertainment of a refined kind, suitable to the company assembled.

We Did the Songs and Dances.

In this way we managed to earn sufficient to keep body and soul together until the day came when the theatre was ready for opening. I had got a man down from London with a set of films and a projector, and he agreed to do the picture part of the show for ten guineas a week inclusive. My sister and I supplied the variety element—songs, dances, and so on.

One thing only I had overlooked. The theatre was lit by gas, and the meter worked on the shilling-in-the-slot principle. The doors were flung open, and then, too late, I remembered that I had no shilling.

However, I asked the first patron to put in an appearance if he would kindly lend me one "as I was short of change"—which was a literal fact—and he very kindly complied. Thereupon the lights blazed out, the audience trooped in, and the performance began.

Only £10 the First Week.

We took £4 odd that first night, but afterwards the receipts dwindled alarmingly, and at the end of the week we had taken only £10, which was ten shillings less than the sum I had agreed to pay the picture man.

I decided that it wasn't good enough, so I wrote to one of the big London firms who make a business of supplying outfits to picture-palace proprietors, and asked them to let me have a projector and supplies of films, on credit. I had no opposition to encounter, I explained, for mine was the only picture show in Stroud.

The firm readily agreed to accede to my request. I was supplied with a first-rate projector, and received weekly supplies of good, up-to-date films. Slowly at first, then more rapidly, the public began to appreciate my efforts. In three months my weekly incomings showed a clear profit over all the outgoings. In six months they had more than doubled, and success was assured.

To-day I own a picture theatre worth between £5,000 and £6,000 with its own electric-light installation, produced from my own dynamo run by my own 21-h.p. gas-engine.

BOTH SENT SAME "MIDDLE."

Mr. P. Doubleyou Interviews Two "Middles" Winners who Sent in Exactly the Same Line and Shared Our £300 Prize.

A VERY curious series of coincidences have occurred in connection with the award of the first prize in "Middles" Competition No. 53.

The winning attempt was "A ROTTER—TITTERS at Tatters." And this identical line was composed by two readers living a hundred miles apart. One of them was Mr. S. Morley, of Rochester, Utterson, and the other was Mr. John Williams, of Walsden, Todmorden.

When Mr. P. Doubleyou went specially down to see them he found that, although neither competitor had heard of the other in his life, there was a striking resemblance between the conditions under which both of them lived.

Each is an overlooker in a factory! In each case it is a cotton factory. Each of them is an expert musician. Mr. Morley is a cornet-player and bandmaster of the local band; while Mr. Williams is an expert on a variety of instruments.

Each is married, but has no children.

About a couple of months ago Mr. Morley's father came to live with him, and Mr. Williams' mother took up her position in his household.

Each has a dog—one a tiny Pomeranian, and the other a big collie.

In a number of other small details the lives of these two people bear a remarkable similarity, so that it is, perhaps, after all not astonishing that they should have hit on an identical line.

Mr. Morley said: "I have been a regular competitor in Pearson's competitions for the last seven or eight years. The greatest amount I have won up to the present has been £5. My method of working on 'Middles' is to cut out the list of words when the paper arrives on Monday morning, and take it to work with me. I then go through the list, and fix upon half-a-dozen words which seem ideas to me. Then I jot these ideas down on scraps of paper and ponder over them in the night, of the clatter and whirl of machinery. On Friday evening I make a final selection of two, three, or four lines for 'Middles,' and on Saturday I post them.

"At last my efforts have been crowned with success, and the £150 will make all the difference in life to my old father and my wife."

From Rochester Mr. P. Doubleyou went to Walsden, and here found Mr. Williams disabled from work by blood-poisoning in the arm. He has been obliged to remain at home for six weeks, and finding time hanging heavily on his hands, he decided to try competitions as a pleasant pastime. The first attempt he made brought him a small consolation gift, and the last brought him this.

The idea of "Titters for Tatters" came to him while pondering upon the practice of a certain class of person to jeer at those who were poorly clothed or who suffered from some infirmity. This has been more noticeable to him as his mother lost one of her legs when quite a girl. He has always called such people "Rotters!" and when he saw the word in the list of "Middles," the idea came to him at once.

"I have had to put up with a lot of good-natured humoured chaff from my wife and sister," said Mr. Williams. "They teased me a good deal by sitting up late at night pondering over this competition, and said I would never get even a penny stamp. But I knew that Pearson's were absolutely fair in judging, and that if I did get a good line I should carry off at least a pretty good prize. For I never thought that I should win £150."

"The fact of getting a consolation prize stimulated me tremendously, and I felt that I was at least on the right lines. And this is proved by my later and bigger success."

"My advice to my fellow-competitors is never to be discouraged. If you do not win even a consolation prize you never know how near you have been to one. And always remember that, although this week you may send in a line which does not bring anything, next week you may find a word out of which you can make a line that will bring you in the first prize."

This week over 2,000 prizes must be won in "Middles." The first prize is the splendid one of £300, and then there are ten prizes of £25. Turn to page 1072 and make up your mind to win one of these big prizes. You never know what you can do until you try.

—It should be a four-line verse and as bright and cheery as possible.



A Thrilling Story of
Britain's Danger of
To-day.

BY
**SIDNEY
MATTINGLY,**

AUTHOR OF

"Decoyed to Siberia,"
"A Spy Unmasked,"
etc., etc.

WHAT HAS ALREADY APPEARED.

ADRIAN LINTON : A young and ambitious London mechanic who has invented a wonderful gun for destroying airships by exploding the gas in their bags. He lights the match which causes the war with Germany by blowing up a Zeppelin airship stocked with all sorts of dangerous explosives. This happens at a place called Devil's Gorge in Scotland. The coastguards have tried to detain the vessel and one of their number is killed—murdered.

COLONEL BRIDGEWAY : The Secretary of State for War. When the story opens he is taking a well-earned holiday in Scotland accompanied by his pretty daughter—

NORA : Nora is with Linton—he is going to show her what his gun can do—when he blows up the Zeppelin. Nora returns home to inform her father of the two calamities. On her way, she stumbles on a cave filled with bombs and shells. It is a secret hiding-place for explosives used by Germany.

FRANÇOIS LEMARE : A French engineer, faithful in his service to Linton.

SCHMIDT : A German spy trading under the name of Smith.

It has just been told how Colonel Bridgeway is hastily summoned to London. He leaves before his daughter's return, and when he reaches the great city war has broken out.

Meanwhile, in Scotland, a determined attempt is made by a German agent to kill Linton. He is on his way to the railway station with Nora, in her father's motor-car, when an aeroplane sweeps over them and drops a bomb. Nora is half stunned by the explosion, the chauffeur is killed, and Linton is badly injured.

CHAPTER VII.

The First Night of Terror.

ALL through the long hours of that dark September night sleep was banished from all our big cities. London flashed out the dread news by telegraph, North and South, East and West.

War had not been declared, but war had begun.

The mysterious explosion that had destroyed the wireless station at Chatham had been followed by similar disasters all along our coast line. Sheerness, Harwich, Grimsby, Scarborough, the wireless plant at all these places lay in ruins. Towns as far inland as Ipswich and Chelmsford had suffered.

In the small hours of the morning when telegraphic communication was established with Scotland, a fresh list of disasters began to pour in. Every wireless station along the east coast lay in ruins.

Nothing else had been the object of attack, except in the Firth of Forth, where a Dreadnought, sighting a vast mysterious shape speeding overhead in the blackness, had opened fire with her sky-guns. She had discharged half a dozen shots without effect before she paid the penalty of her rashness. Something from above fell upon her deck, close to the funnels, and exploded. There was another explosion aft. Her decks were torn open, her massive armour-plating was torn and twisted like a child's toy. Water rushed in through a dozen gaping holes and flooded her engine-room. For ten minutes she floated, while the living fought frantically to save her, and the wounded lay groaning in hideous agony beside the dead. Then with a silent, sickening plunge she dived head foremost beneath the waves.

This was the news that our sleepless cities learned on the quiet September night. It did not come all at once, but by slow, terrible instalments.

In London every newspaper office kept open all night. Printing machines worked ceaselessly; a dozen special editions were hurried out between midnight and daybreak by each of the big dailies.

A vast silent crowd had concentrated upon Fleet Street; it overflowed on to Ludgate Hill, the Strand, and the Thames Embankment, and still fresh thousands kept pouring in to swell its ranks. The bridges over the river were impassable. Every side street, every alley within a mile of the great newspaper thoroughfares was choked with people.

Policemen were there, but they were not needed. They seemed to have become part of the crowd. There was no noise, no disorder—over the city that could not sleep there brooded that strange terrible silence, broken only when a fresh edition of the newspapers was hurled broadcast among the crowd with news of some fresh disaster.

Then as the news they contained spread through the crowd a groan of anguish would burst from the throats

of those countless thousands, to be followed by the same silence as before, the silence of despair.

For the mystery that had shrouded the earlier disasters was a mystery no longer. Britain, vain-glorious in her sea supremacy, had shut her eyes too long to the danger that lurked in the air; but her eyes were open now. It was a matter of doubt no longer, but a hard, remorseless fact that the midnight sky concealed a fleet of German Zeppelins which even now was dealing out death and destruction broadcast through the land, while we were helpless against them.

Sometimes rumours of hope were whispered along the streets. The *Gamma* and the *Delta*, the two least useless of our airships, had orders to leave Farnborough for the east coast. Perhaps they could do something. Again it was reported that twenty daring aviators were ready to start on a counter attack as soon as they could obtain the necessary bombs. It seemed that there was no store of them kept where the aeroplanes were stationed.

But these rumours passed and left little hope behind. Men shrugged their shoulders and waited with haggard eyes, praying for day to come. The night was drawing to a close when there burst upon the ears of the appalled multitude the roar of a heavy explosion close at hand. A flash lit up the sky. There was no need to wait for tidings from the newspaper offices as to its meaning. The tidings flashed through the crowd at lightning speed. A bomb had fallen upon the Admiralty Offices, completely destroying the wireless plant and wrecking the building. A wall had collapsed and killed a dozen people.

The waiting crowd on the Thames Embankment heard the news, and close upon it there came from the sky the whirr of engines. All eyes were turned aloft. There was light enough to make out the outlines of two Zeppelins sweeping mysteriously eastwards, their mission of destruction accomplished.

A frenzied shout burst from the multitude upon the Embankment and the bridges across the Thames. Some shouted in fear, as if uncertain whether the airship might not let fall more of her terrible cargo of explosives upon the tens of thousands of human beings she held completely at her mercy, but for the most part the shout was one of helpless fury, mingled with despair.

Suddenly a figure forced its way out of the press of people upon the pavement and leaped upon the parapet of the Embankment. It was a small man, strangely battered in appearance, but terribly in earnest.

He raised an arm aloft and shook his clenched fist at the receding airships.

"Ah, you shall pay, you shall pay three times over for this!" he shrieked hysterically. "In one week zero

shall not be one Zeppelin left in the air. I, François Lemare, have said it."

A strong arm seized him unceremoniously by the legs and pulled him down to the pavement. The arm belonged to a burly navy.

"There'll be one bally Frenchman in the river, mister," he said with rough good nature, "if you go practising dancing up there. It ain't 'ealthy. Good Gawd, what 'ave you done with your eye?"

He might well ask. The little Frenchman's left eye was almost closed up, and a great angry bruise extended far on to his cheek. It was a legacy from his encounter with Schmidt the evening before. He drew himself up with dignity.

"I fight last night wiv a German, m'sieur. He is too strong for me. He throw me down, he beat me, kick me. For zat also Germany will pay." So saying, François twisted out of the navy's grasp and slipped away into the crowd.

"Crikey!" His rescuer looked after him thoughtfully. "He's a good plucked 'un even if 'e is a bally frog-eating Frenchman."

Long after the airships had vanished in the distance the crowds lingered in the streets. But no more news came. As day was breaking in the east there came a sudden stir among the masses of people. Mounted police were seen forcing a way through. Behind them came the regular tramp, tramp of trained men. It was a regiment of Territorials on its way to Liverpool Street Station. Its presence seemed to make a reality of what had hitherto been only a dream. War was upon us! War had actually broken out. Before another day dawned many of these men who were marching past might be stark and cold.

A hoarse voice in the crowd yelled out:

"Three cheers for the Territors!"

The cheers were given, full measure, and taken up by the crowds in other streets. They did not know, most of them, what they were cheering for, but after that night's long vigil any noise at all was a welcome relief from the dreadful silence.

Thus day dawned upon sleepless London, upon Manchester, Liverpool, and all our great cities. But the country at large—its sleepy provincial towns, remote villages and hamlets, and quiet countrysides—had still to learn the dreadful events of the past night. When they did so, when flaring newspaper placards had proclaimed the awful truth in every corner of the land, the sun was up, and with it came the fresh hopefulness of morning.

Troops and artillery were moving, the Army aeroplanes were on the wing, our airships were under weigh—surely somehow or other the authorities would be able to do something against the air-fleet that had attacked us treacherously in time of peace.

But troops and artillery and aeroplanes were to have no chance of proving their metal—yet. Air scouts were out scouring the sky all over Great Britain, but not a Zeppelin was sighted. The midnight fleet had vanished as it came—silently, mysteriously.

They had done the work they had been sent to do. Our wireless stations lay in ruins. The seed of panic had been sown in the heart of the people. They had realised the power of the airship as a weapon of destruction.

The papers that morning were gloomy reading for every man who loved his country. Here and there a Zeppelin had been fired on; but so far as was known not one had been hit.

There was only one note of hope amidst the gloom. This was an official statement from the Admiralty:

"Danger from falling bombs being feared for our ships if they remain in harbour, the entire Fleet received orders at 2 a.m. to put to sea. The Admiral in supreme command is Sir George Heresford. He has instructions to force a general engagement with the German fleet at the earliest opportunity."

—For the five best regrets I will give Solid Silver Watches. Mark postcards "Rejected." (See page 1070.)

Britain's hope—her only hope—lay upon the water, where she had reigned supreme so many centuries. Our Navy might save us yet; but wise men shook their heads.

The German air-fleet had departed, but how soon would they return? And meanwhile our ships had left our shores on their desperate venture. They would have to attack the Germans in their home waters. Zeppelins would hover over them to drop their deadly projectiles; and worst disadvantage of all, because of the destruction of our wireless stations, our Admiral would be cut off from communication with home.

CHAPTER VIII.

"M'sieu, I Offer My Services."

IN his sanctum at the War Office sat Colonel Bridgeway. It was nine o'clock in the morning. Three Cabinet Meetings had been held since the sun set the evening before. Much had been said. Nothing had been done—or nothing that counted. War had come out of a clear sky, and Germany, having struck the first blow, had withdrawn her air-squadron before Britain had a chance to strike back—if indeed she had anything to strike with.

Now orders had gone out for the mobilisation of all troops in the country. The officers and men at every aeroplane station were ready to fly at a moment's notice. The Government had taken over all the railways on the east coast of England and Scotland, and troops were already being concentrated in Essex, Suffolk and Lincolnshire.

The solemn calm of the War Office had been rudely shattered, and there were even signs of hurry and bustle among its dignified officials. Two Generals were waiting to interview the Secretary of State for War. But Colonel Bridgeway could not see them yet. He had a more important visitor with him—a small, dark, rather dilapidated Frenchman who had called by appointment soon after eight and had been closeted with Colonel Bridgeway ever since.

Colonel Bridgeway had not slept for twenty-four hours; he could not hope for sleep for many hours more, but neither lack of rest nor the terrible responsibilities of his position were responsible for all the lines of care that night had carved upon his haggard face.

During the night telegraphic communication had been re-established with Scotland. The coastguard officer at Orkney had told the full story of the destruction of the German airship in Devil's Gorge. He had described the part that Linton's gun had played in it. But that was not all—Colonel Bridgeway had learnt that his daughter Nora and Linton had left in his own car, driven by his servant Blount, intending to catch the midday express and come straight to London. They had never caught the train. The shattered remains of the car had been found on the road, with Blount's dead body. Of his daughter and Linton there was no trace. No news, no word of any kind had been heard of them.

It was small wonder that the Secretary for War looked careworn and heavy-eyed, but for the moment he had resolutely banished his private anxieties and concentrated his attention on the business before him. Besides the little Frenchman, there were present in his room two War Office officials—experts on guns and gunnery. They were examining with incredulous interest a weapon that lay on the table.

"This gun, then, gentlemen," Colonel Bridgeway was saying, "is identical with that with which Mr. Linton destroyed the German airship yesterday. I see you find it hard to believe it. But we have the coast-guard's story, and Mr. Lemare here assures us that this gun is an exact duplicate—except that one small but vital piece of mechanism is missing. What do you make of it, Watson?"

The man thus addressed shook his head. "I don't understand it—that's all!" he replied. "There may be something in it. There may be nothing. It is possible that the destruction of the airship was simply a gigantic fluke—that an explosion occurred just at the moment Linton aimed. Stranger things have happened. I see, of course, that the stock of the gun holds an electric storage battery, as M. Lemare says, and I understand that the missing piece of the gun is charged with radium before the current is turned on, and that the two in conjunction form the Z ray he tells us of, which explodes the gas in the airship." He shrugged his shoulders. "I can't give an opinion without experimenting. I've seen Linton's letters, of course, and looked on him as one of the usual lunatics. If the gun will do what it's alleged to have done in Devil's Gorge yesterday morning, he's no lunatic but a second Edison. We can do nothing without seeing him. The question is, sir, how soon can we see him?"

Colonel Bridgeway leaned forward and spoke in a voice that trembled a little in spite of all his efforts to keep it firm.

"I cannot say—I do not know where Linton is," he answered. Then, without wasting words, he told what he had not told before—of the finding of his car with the driver dead; of the disappearance of Linton and Nora.

There was a hush as he concluded.

Major Watson cleared his throat.

"What does that mean?" he muttered. "I suppose it's no good doubting that the Germans had agents in the neighbourhood who saw or knew of the destruction of their Zeppelin and set out to track down the man who was responsible. But what did they do with him?"

He paused. Colonel Bridgeway answered his question.

"They killed Blount, the driver," he said, a terrible meaning in his tone.

"Yes, and left his body to tell the tale. Mark my words, sir; either Linton and Miss Bridgeway escaped, or else the Germans have got them in safe keeping somewhere. Remember, a live inventor's more use than a dead one, and your daughter might come in useful as a hostage."

Colonel Bridgeway started up from his chair, new hope in his eyes. But it died away, and there was despair in his voice when he answered:

"You may be right—yet my heart misgives me," he said. "I've wired to the coastguards at Orkney to search and make all possible inquiries. I can't do anything more! But I'd give my right hand to be able to go myself. This uncertainty is—terrible."

His voice broke.

"But can't we do something more?" Major Watson knitted his brows. "It isn't your daughter only, sir. Of course, we feel for you deeply, and for your sake and hers I personally would do anything. But there's Linton too. We've got his gun—which may mean salvation to the country. But it's no good without him. If he's above ground, we must find him, and find him without delay."

François suddenly took an excited step forward.

"M'sieu," he said, "I offer my services. To serve M. Linton I would go through fire or through water. I have been in the French army. I can fly in the aeroplane, m'sieu. Perhaps you cannot spare an aeroplane of your army. You need zem all, m'sieu. But zere are others—old machines, m'sieu, without guns, without explosives. Zay are what you call condemned—I've seen zem. You lend me one of zese—I am not afraid, and I fly to Scotland. If Mecs Bridgeway and M. Linton are alive I find zem. If zey are dead, I avengo zem."

He struck an attitude as he finished speaking. At any other moment his big words might have sounded ridiculous from so small a man. But none of the three men who heard him smiled.

Colonel Bridgeway looked at his colleagues.

"Of course it's impossible—" he began uncertainly.

"I'm not so sure, sir," put in Major Watson's companion. "It can do no harm. It might do all the good in the world. It's the quickest way, and I don't know who else you could send. Every pilot we've got will be wanted and we don't know how soon."

Colonel Bridgeway wavered.

"What about a machine?" he asked doubtfully.

"As it happens, that's simple. I've a plane of my own at Hendon. I've taken up flying as a hobby lately. She's no weight-carrier, built entirely for speed, but that's all the better. Say the word, sir, and I'll run M. Lemare over to Hendon in twenty minutes and he can be off within the half-hour."

Colonel Bridgeway looked fixedly at the little Frenchman who stood there, his eyes alight with eagerness. Suddenly he made up his mind.

"I accept your offer. I accept it gratefully," he said. "If you succeed you won't be serving me alone—you'll be serving Britain. And she won't forget."

He put out his hand. In silence the Secretary of State for War shook hands with the unknown French mechanic.

Two minutes later the latter was being whirled towards the Hendon aerodrome. There was a strange restless air abroad. Many shops showed no signs of opening, and people stood about in small excited groups, talking of what had been the night before and of what might be on the night to come.

Hardly a soul turned to glance at the car as it sped on its way. No one knew, no one guessed that the very destiny of the Empire might be wrapped up in the person of the little foreigner who talked so volubly to the grave official-looking man at his side.

CHAPTER IX.

Nora Bridgeway's Marriage.

NORA BRIDGEWAY with her half-helpless companion had gained the shelter of the bushes which grew by the rocky roadside before the aeroplane that had dealt out destruction to the motor-car and death to its

LADIES

should watch the London

Daily Express

every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.

On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

driver came sweeping back along the valley and circled over the ruin it had caused.

Those on board were apparently satisfied that their whole object had been achieved, for the aeroplane passed on and vanished over the mountains. But it left the terror of its sudden onslaught behind. Nora had but one idea in her brain—she and Linton must leave behind the roadway where Blount's dead body lay among the ruins of the car and escape into the hills. The aeroplane had gone for the moment. She could not tell how soon it might return. And not only the safety of their two lives was at stake. If Linton were killed or fell into the hands of the Germans, the secret of his gun, the gun which, wounded and half-unconscious as he was, he still clasped firmly—would be lost to his country, if not for ever, at least until it was too late.

A rocky overgrown path ran upwards from the road into the mountains. Supporting Linton with his precious burden, Nora commenced the ascent. The way was rough and steep and frequently she had to rest. But horror of what had happened in the dark and narrow road below spurred her on.

Presently they came to an overhanging rock from which spurted a clear stream of mountain water. The place was sheltered from observation by a clump of pine trees, and Nora made a couch of heather and bracken for her companion to lie on while she examined his injuries.

He had been staggering on in a sort of semi-unconsciousness hitherto, now his eyes closed and he lay unconscious entirely.

Nora quickly ripped up the sleeve on his injured arm. It was not broken, but a jagged splinter of metal had torn its way deep into the muscles. Nora succeeded in extracting it, and bathed and bound up the wound.

Then she turned her attention to Linton's other injury. It was a scalp wound, the blood from which had trickled in a thin red line across his blue-veined temple. A piece of the bursting bomb had caught him with terrible force, and he was suffering from concussion of the brain—how serious Nora could not tell. But as she saw the heavy stupor into which he had fallen and looked at the gloomy mountain that surrounded them, her heart sank. She knew enough to be sure that it was a case which demanded skilled care and nursing—and there was no town or village within ten miles of them.

Rapidly she made up her mind. Help of some sort must be obtained somehow. Making Linton as comfortable as she could, she set off on her quest, taking the precious gun with her.

For over a mile she scrambled along the steep bridle path they had been following—one mile that seemed six as she thought of the helpless man she had left behind. Then when hope was dying in her heart, she herself, though she had fought it down, was bruised and shaken—a turn in the path brought her out close by a small cottage, surrounded by a neat garden. She knocked feverishly at the door. It was opened by a homely old Scotchwoman.

She threw up her hands in astonishment at the sight of the girl. But Nora cut short her exclamations. Swiftly she unfolded her story.

"There's no cottage but this, lassie, within five miles," the old woman told her. "I dinna rightly ken what ye say about the airship, though Angus be tell't me he saw one yesterday. But dinna fret, Angus, that's my husband, will go with you, and help bring the young mon here, and we'll juist do the best we can."

She called her husband, and he appeared—a tall, old Scotch peasant with a kindly face. Having with some difficulty been made to understand what was wanted of him, he fetched an ancient Tam-o'-shanter and set off with Nora.

Linton was lying as she had left him. His eyes were still closed, and ever and anon he groaned faintly. Between them Nora and the old Scotchman raised him, and began to carry him up the mountainous path. It taxed the girls' already over-tired strength to the utmost, but she struggled bravely on, and at last the journey was accomplished, and she had the satisfaction of seeing Linton laid upon the bed which the old peasant woman had prepared in the tiny sitting-room.

Then she herself was at last able to sit down and rest. The excitements of the morning and the shock and exertions of the afternoon had told upon her, and she was in a state of collapse. She drank a cup of tea which the old woman brought her, and tried to eat some of her home-made scones. Then she placed a chair by the bedside of the unconscious man and set herself down to watch.

Twilight was falling. A breeze had come up from the south, driving before it a fine misty drizzle that blot out the patch of landscape she could see through the tiny window. A heavy drowsiness began to creep over her. For a long time she fought against it. The old Scotchman and his wife went to bed in the next room, the only other room in the little cottage. It was dark now. There was no light in the room where Nora sat except the faint glow from the peat-fire on the hearth. Nature would be denied no longer, and Nora slept.

It was the chill of the morning when she awoke.

Now you husbands! Spring is here and you will have to think about spring clothing for your wives.

Hastily she lit the candle by the bedside, and looked at her patient. He was unconscious still, and his breathing was so faint that she had to bend closer to him to hear it at all. A change had come over his face—it had lost its expression of pain and looked strangely calm and peaceful. A sudden terror clutched at Nora's heart. She rose and called the old Scotchwoman.

She came in and looked down at the silent figure. There was an expression of pity in her kind, homely old face as she turned to the girl by the bedside. In that rugged region lives were ushered in and lives passed out often enough without any possibility of nurse or doctor being called in. The old peasant woman had seen many die, and she could read the signs of death's approach.

"I doot he's no lang for this world, lassie," she said softly.

Nora had feared it. Instinctively she had realised the cruel truth. She found herself wondering vaguely why the news that Adrian Linton was near to death should affect her so deeply. She had only known him a few hours. And yet—yet the truth started up suddenly before her from the depths of her own soul.

Adrian Linton had spoken no word of love to her, and yet she loved him. She did not try to disguise

may never have the chance. Will you do it for me? Your father knows where to find him, and something tells me there is no time to lose. As soon as Germany hears of what took place this morning she will strike."

Nora nodded. She dare not trust herself to speak. There was a long silence. Then Linton spoke again.

"I had two ambitions. My gun was one. The other was only born yesterday. I cannot go out of your life without telling you what it was. Nora, I love you! My second ambition was that I might one day make you my wife." His voice broke. He tried to speak again, but weakness overcame him.

Nora bent forward impulsively till her face was close to that upon the pillow.

"I would have married you if you had asked me!" she exclaimed. "You are not going to die. You must live—both your ambitions must be fulfilled." But there was no conviction in her voice. She believed that she saw a dying man before her.

Linton shook his head with an invalid's sudden petulance.

"Ah, you say that now because I'm dying!" he said bitterly. "If I'd lived it would have been different. You wouldn't have looked at me then."

Something deeper than pity shone in Nora's eyes as

whole and fancy free, had been wooed and won in a day; and the man who had won her lay very near to death in a humble cottage in the heart of the Scottish wilds. All she could do was to watch and wait and pray.

Hours passed as she watched Adrian Linton toss and moan and mutter as he lay in the unconsciousness into which he had again fallen. Long since the old shepherd had gone out to tend his sheep upon the hills. The sun was high in the heavens. The mist of morning was dispersed, and September was giving the world a day as soft and sweet as spring.

Suddenly the door of the cottage opened, and the shepherd entered, wild excitement written on his usually calm and placid face.

"There is terrible tidings," he said. "The Germans have come. I ha' no seen a newspaper myself, but I ha' talked with Lang Tammas of Killie-craigie, an he ha' sin it wi' his own een in print. The Germans have come with their airships and they ha' blown up all the machines that send the telegrams wi'oot wires, and ha' murdered hundreds of puir bodies all along the coast."

Linton had opened his eyes as the old man entered. Now, with a superhuman effort he raised himself and sat up in bed.

"Germany has struck—the time has come!" he



Between them Nora and the old Scotchman raised Linton, and began to carry him up the mountainous path.

the fact—she did not wish to. Her whole frame was suddenly shaken with deep rending sobs.

The sound seemed to electrify the figure on the bed. Linton opened his eyes and struggled to raise himself, then fell back with a groan.

"Where am I?" he murmured faintly. "Where is the gun?"

Nora could not reply, but memory seemed to return to the wounded man as his fingers touched the gun which Nora had placed close by his side.

"I remember," he said. "We were in the car and I was killed." He passed a hand across his forehead. Then he went on in a stronger voice. "I think I have not very long to live, Nora—if for this short time I may call you so. You will forgive me for what I am going to say. In all my life I have had only two ambitions. One, through you, I have almost realised. For five years I have worked for nothing else, thought of nothing else, except my invention. Now I have proved its worth, but it's all due to you. I may not live to see it, but they'll believe in me now."

He paused, exhausted. Presently he asked for his coat, and with his uninjured arm he fumbled in the pocket.

"I want you to do something for me, Nora." He handed her a small leaden tube. "The secret of my invention lies in this. Without it the gun is useless. Even Francois, the little Frenchman who works for me in London, can't explain the working of the gun without it. Give him this and he'll be able to. I

she leant forward and spoke softly in Linton's ear.

"Oh, I mean what I say—and it's not too late. Remember we're in Scotland. If we take the marriage vow in the presence of a witness it's all that is necessary. That makes a legal marriage. I'm not afraid to be your wife"—her voice broke—"whatever happens."

A strange light shone in the eyes of the dying man.

"After all, it's not for long," he murmured. "If she marries me, hers will be the credit and the reward that would have been mine. That is what I wish."

There was a solemn hush in the little room as he groped blindly for her hand. The old Scotchwoman came softly forward out of the shadowy background as Linton, in a voice so faint as to be barely audible, breathed the words of the marriage vow.

"I, Adrian, take thee, Nora, to be my wedded wife, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

Nora, half blind with unshed tears, repeated the words of the solemn vow.

"Till death us do part."

The words choked her. Her head fell forward, and she broke into a torrent of uncontrolled weeping.

At last she regained command of herself. Resolutely she dried her eyes, and sat with Linton's hand in hers, gazing down at the pale, worn face of her husband. Her husband! How strange the word sounded. She, Nora Bridgeway, who all her life had been heart-

said in a voice that was strangely firm. "We must part, Nora. You must carry my secret to your father. Everything depends on you. The shepherd will point out the way across the hills—you must catch the first train at Strathlone." His voice faltered. "Good-bye!" he murmured. "Kiss me once before you go!"

Nora's face was white as a winding-sheet. The pang of this parting was as the bitterness of death itself; but she came of a line of soldiers and knew how to suffer and endure in silence. She bent down and pressed a kiss upon her husband's lips—lips that already seemed growing cold.

She turned to the old Scotchwoman who stood by. "You will get a doctor, you will save him if you can?" she said imploringly.

The old woman nodded, the tears streaming down her rugged cheeks.

A moment later Nora was out in the mocking September sunshine. Weary and worn as she was, she did not spare herself, but set out at top speed along the rough path which the shepherd pointed out to her.

In the bosom of her dress she carried a tiny leaden tube. Any one who had picked it up by the roadside might well have cast it aside as worthless. Yet the secret it contained was beyond the power of gold to buy. The safety of her country, the happiness of a million homes depended on it.

And this secret Nora Linton carried with her in her lonely walk across the mountains.

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

—Therefore can you give me a funny description of your wife's new blouse? Thirty-word limit.

GREAT FOOTBALL SKILL COMPETITION.

NO GOALS REQUIRED.
NO ENTRANCE FEES.£500 OFFERED
THIS WEEKYOU MAY SEND AS MANY
ATTEMPTS AS YOU LIKE.

On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in matches to be played on Saturday, April 19th. You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave names of both teams in.

This Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £500, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game. It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary. Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

Conditions with which Competitors Must Comply

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and blacklead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 33" in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, April 18th.
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of £500 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of one or more matches not being played on the date given in the coupon, the £500 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all

- the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST No. 28.

Matches Played on Saturday, March 15th.

In this contest the consolation prize of £25 has been divided between two competitors, who had each three matches incorrect:

MR. A. HIGGINS, 22 Shipwright St., Canning Town, E., and
MRS. M. A. INISON, 26 Cranby St., Saltley, Birmingham.

Closing Date, FRIDAY, APRIL 18th.

Pearson's Football Contest
No. 33.

Matches to be played on Saturday, April 19th
Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Aston Villa	Sunderland or
Blackburn Rovers	Barnley
Notts County	Manchester City
Manchester United	Oldham Athletic
Middlesbrough	Newcastle United
Tottenham Hotspur	Chelsea
Blackpool	Woolwich Arsenal
Bradford	Huddersfield Town
Bury	Glossop
Fulham	Notts Forest
Grimsby Town	Lincoln City
Leeds City	Bristol City
Wolverhampton Wanderers	Birmingham
Stockport County	Hull City
Brentford	Preston North End
Gillingham	Watford
Northampton Town	Plymouth Argyle
Swindon Town	Crystal Palace
Portsmouth	West Ham United
Bristol Rovers	Exeter City
	Brighton & Hove Albion

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature.....
Address.....

1ST PRIZE FOR "MIDDLES" £300.

Have you ever tried to make money at "Middles"? If not, turn to this week's contest on page 1072, and you may win the first prize of £300 or one of the ten £20 prizes.

Here is a definition of a "Middle" which will show you how easy it is to make them:

You first choose a word or phrase from the list given on page 1072. A "Middle" consists of either two or three words which shall have some bearing on the word or phrase used. The first word of a "Middle" must begin with either of the two centre letters of the word or phrase used, and the second and third with any letters of the alphabet used either once or twice.

Suppose, for instance, that you wish to make a "Middle" on the word "CORNER KICK," one of this week's examples. Use, say, the letter "E" as the initial of your first word, and, say, "S" for the second, and you get "EXCITES SPECTATORS."

Or you might like to make a "Middle" on OUTSIDER, also in this week's list. Use the letter "I" for your first word, and, say, "B" and "G" for the second and third, and you can make "INCREASES BOOK-MAKER'S GAINS." A full list of words and phrases for making this week's "Middles" appears on page 1072.

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

"All Home Grown."

It is a pleasing fact to notice that the Aston Villa team in the semi-final were all Englishmen. It is especially gratifying to us, for we have on several occasions commented in "Footer Facts" on the absurdity of players taking part in the contest for any cup other than that of the land of their birth. However League teams are composed, the English Cup should be fought for exclusively by Englishmen. For the benefit of those of our readers who like to make a record of such things, we may say that eight counties are represented in the Villa team as follows: Bache and Weston (Worcester), Leach and Stephenson (Northumberland), Barber and Wallace (Durham), Hampton (Shropshire), Harrop (Yorkshire), Lyons (Staffordshire), Halse (Essex), and Hardy (Derbyshire).

The last time the wearers of the claret-and-blue won the Cup, Hampton, who was in his first season of first-class football, scored in every round and twice in the Final, and although he has not repeated the feat in this season's competition, Clement Stephenson has come to the fore, and, with the exception of the First Round, has scored in each of the others, notching, of course, the goal which takes the Villa into the Final.

He has played both at inside-right and at half-back for the Villa, but seems to have found his true position at inside-left, and a partner after his own heart in Bache.

Footballers' Superstitions.

It is peculiar how footballers are addicted to superstition, and what strange ideas teams are sometimes subjected to. They have been known to turn back on the way to the football field, in order to avoid passing a funeral, and to hide down a side turning until the cortege was well out of view. To pass a funeral on the way is a certain sign of defeat, and as for encountering a "cross-eyed woman"—well, the fates would certainly be against them.

On Good Friday last, when Chelsea met Aston Villa

at Stamford Bridge a curious incident was noticed. Molyneux, the Chelsea goalkeeper, changed his rain-soaked red sweater at half-time for a brand new bright green one. He was a little late, and the teams were waiting for him, and when he appeared in his green jersey Sharp, the Chelsea back, held up his hands in disgust and shook his head as much as to say "How can you expect us to win in that colour." Some of the spectators, as well as the Chelsea players, put the defeat down as much to the green jersey as to the prowess of Aston Villa.

On the top of this we hear that Burnley and Sunderland, in the semi-final at Bramall Lane, were both desperately anxious to obtain the use of a certain dressing-room. These particular quarters were marked "The Visitors," and have the reputation of never having accommodated a losing team, when Bramall Lane has been neutral territory in a match of this description.

Barnsley, who won the Cup last year, had this apartment, and so both teams were keen on following them, in the hope that the luck of winning the Cup would follow the occupation of the room.

Both clubs refused to give way, so Mr. Arthur Kingscott, the official in charge of the match on behalf of the F.A., was invited to settle the question, but he declined. Consequently the captains tossed for the choice, and the Burnley captain won. The talisman worked out partially correct, because Burnley were not defeated.

Those who witnessed the game between Fulham and Burnley at Craven Cottage recently, when the Lancastrians gave away four goals, perhaps are of the opinion that there was something "lucky" in the occupation of that room, as Burnley's form on that occasion did not even suggest a draw against Sunderland.

The "Quakers."

Amidst all the thrills of the struggle for the English Cup and the battle for the Championship of the League, and the fight for promotion and against relegation, one is apt to forget even the existence of clubs in minor organisations. But "The Quakers," or Darlington, to give them their proper name, deserve the highest praise for their wonderful form this season. At the moment of writing they head the North-Eastern

League, which is composed of some very warm stuff, with 54 out of a possible 62 points. They have two points lead of their nearest rivals, with two games in hand. Their goal record is none the less striking, for they have amassed the huge total of 105 goals, and have had their defence pierced but twenty-two times.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS.

"ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

No. 10.

In P.W., dated March 8, five pairs of tickets for the Cup Final were offered for the best Football Tripsheet on CHELSEA. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

CHELSEA: London's Crowd Emporium.
Sent by George C. Willie, 1 Victoria Rd., Wimbomb, Dorset. He nominated Ernest F. Stout, 30 Poole Rd., Wimbomb, Dorset.

CHELSEA: Stole Accidentally Excited.
Sent by Percy F. H. Ealey, 61 Frenches Rd., Redhill, Surrey. He nominated H. Ealey, 61 Frenches Rd., Redhill.

CHELSEA: "Supporters Like Conals."
Sent by Chas. J. Pullin, jun., Eaglehurst, Hatfield Rd., Torquay. He nominated R. B. Pullin, Eaglehurst, Hatfield Rd., Torquay.

CHELSEA: "Luck" Evades "Cluck."
Sent by L. Scott, 747 Bolton Rd., Bradford. He nominated T. Stobart, 45 Alexandra St., Bradford.

No. 11.

In P.W., dated March 15, five pairs of tickets for the Cup Final was offered for the best Football Tripsheet on NEWCASTLE UNITED. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

NEWCASTLE UNITED: "Sportsmen" Not "Naughtymen."
Sent by C. J. Fox, 35 Addington St., Ramsgate. He nominated J. E. Fox, 35 Addington St., Ramsgate.

NEWCASTLE UNITED: "Soccer" Crowds Idolise.
Sent by Arthur Roberts, 462 Pleck Rd., Walsall. He nominated George Shaw, 93 Wolverhampton Rd., Walsall.

NEWCASTLE UNITED: Takings Compensate Shaking.
Sent by F. W. Rowley, 37 Norwood Rd., Shipley. He nominated Mrs. F. W. Rowley, 37 Norwood Rd., Shipley.

NEWCASTLE UNITED: Sound Although Cracks.
Sent by J. Ashworth, 14 Naper St., West Crompton, Oldham. He nominated Albert Wiseman, 466 Manchester Rd., Hollinwood, Oldham.

NEWCASTLE UNITED: "Side" Without "Aids."
Sent by W. Griggs, Camps Rd., Haverhill, Suffolk. He nominated F. Fitzgerald, The Kangle, Haverhill, Suffolk.

—For the five funniest descriptions I will give Briar Pipes, Mark postcards "Blouse." (See page 1070.)



The New Adventures of Lieut: Daring

"IN THE SOUP."

LIEUTENANT DARING and his friend, Lieutenant Wells, stood back in the shadow and watched the scuffle.

Dressed in mufti, they had started out to explore Peking, the capital of China, and had suddenly found themselves in a mean quarter of the town, and almost in the middle of what appeared to be some sort of brawl between three Chinamen.

It was a case of two to one, but neither Daring nor Wells felt in the least called upon to interfere and get embroiled—very likely to serious personal peril—in the row. The town was, they knew, in a state of unrest owing to royalist menaces against the republicans, and it seemed probable to them that the affair they had come upon was the outcome of this unrest.

It only lasted a couple of minutes, but though trivial to all outward appearances, it proved subsequently to have been fraught with a matter of the highest importance. Daring did not know it at the time, but in coming across the scuffle and idly noting the personal appearance of one of the men engaged in it, he was able to save the life of that great Chinese reformer, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and also the good reputation of H.M.S. *Connaught*.

The man he particularly noticed was tall, for a Chinaman, stout, and his black hair was streaked with grey. He was obviously exceptionally strong, for directly he and his companion had forced the third man to the ground, he was able to hold him down with ease for a moment, and then lift him bodily and carry him swiftly into a little adjacent house.

Daring and Wells exchanged looks when it was all over, and the trio had disappeared indoors.

"We're best out of that sort of thing; some family feud, I suppose," said Wells.

"I don't know," replied Daring, shrugging his shoulders. "They didn't hurt him much, anyhow, and perhaps he has been asking for trouble. Let's get out of this slum."

By the following day the political situation in Peking had become decidedly more acute. The royalists—the party which still supported the claims of the deposed emperor, had become very active in their demands and threats against the republicans.

So far they had not resorted to any actual violence, but contented themselves with plots and plans and secret meetings.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the most remarkable Chinaman of his day, the man who had been to England and studied the conditions of life there, and gone back to China and caused the seeds of modernism to begin sprouting into the trees of a new country, was the main object of their wrath. With him out of the way, they thought China might yet revert to her previous stagnant, placid condition, and there would be an emperor, with lots of good posts to offer his adherents, in place of a president. And so they thirsted for the life of Sun Yat Sen.

But the little doctor went his way quietly and coolly, although well-guarded, of course, in spite of the ever-present risks he ran.

Because it was, just then, very dangerous for him to go out-of-doors, he did not decline or excuse himself from accepting the invitation from Admiral Sir George Black to dine, as guest of honour, on board the *Connaught*. He accepted it, and made his preparations to attend what promised to be an important and brilliant affair.

In honour of the occasion great preparations were being made on the *Connaught*. The banquet was to be a noteworthy one, and the outstanding event in the visit of a British squadron to Peking. Sun Yat Sen was, of course, perfectly accustomed to European food, but it was decided that there must be at least one special Chinese dish provided out of compliment to his country.

Birds' nest soup, a rare delicacy, peculiar to China, was the dish, and a first-class native chef had to be obtained to prepare it as it should be prepared. The selection of the chef had been left to the reformer's secretary, who had sent word that the man, backed by an official authorisation, would come out to the ship in the afternoon before the banquet.

Daring happened to be the officer of the watch when the chef came aboard. He

watched the man idly for some moments, and then it struck him that there was something familiar about the fellow. He looked down closely at him as he came up the ladder and stepped on deck, and then he knew that the special cook and the big, strong man whom he had the day before seen in the street scuffle were one and the same person.

The chef bowed low in salute as he passed Daring, but there was not, of course, any sign of recognition in his face. Daring and Wells had kept in the background when they had watched the fight on the previous evening, and the man was plainly quite unaware that his presence on the *Connaught* created any astonishment in the mind of one of her officers.

Daring pondered over the matter until he was relieved. He had a curious feeling that things were not quite as they should be, and at length he sought the Admiral and spoke to him on the subject.

"Quite right to tell me, Daring," said Sir George Black, when he had heard the lieutenant's story. "We don't want to have any calamity here this evening. There's certainly trouble brewing for our guest ashore at present; we can't risk it coming to a head on the *Connaught*. We'll soon see if the chap's who he professes to be. He ought to have brought a proper authorisation with him."

He rang a bell and ordered the chef to be sent to him. Scrapping and bowing, the Chinaman entered the cabin. He understood a little English, and, in reply to Sir George's request, he quietly produced a letter from the folds of his voluminous costume and handed it over.

The Admiral read it through—it was written in English—gave it back to the man, and signed to him that he might go.

"His papers are quite in order, Daring," he said.

The cocktails and the various *hors d'œuvres* had been got through, and the wonderful birds'-nest soup was about to be brought in, when two of the diners unobtrusively slipped from their places at the mess-table and left the cabin.

None but their immediate neighbours noticed their going in the bustle of the waiters and the hum of animated conversation taking place. Dr. Sun Yat Sen sat on the Admiral's right hand, talking in easy, polished English, seemingly without a trouble in life, and the rest of the guests were engrossed in each other's talk.

The precious soup was brought in, but before it could be handed round, a strange and, to the majority of those present unexpected, interruption occurred. The two officers who had slipped out of the cabin—Lieutenants Daring and Wells—reappeared, each

gripping an arm of the Chinese chef! Chief Petty-Officer Jim Sims brought up the rear of the strange procession.

A sharp silence at once fell over the mess. Everyone immediately stopped talking and watched the three men and their prisoner march up to the head of the table. They halted just behind the Admiral and the great little reformer, Daring and Wells still gripping the Chinaman tightly, Sims standing by ready for any emergency.

The Admiral turned half-round, evidently not in the least surprised. He said something to his guest, and then signed to a waiter.

"Bring a plate of soup," he said.

The man did so, setting it down in front of Sir George. The whole table looked on in expectant silence; the atmosphere was charged with some subtle sort of electricity, with the excitement of some impending sensation.

"Let go his right arm," said the Admiral to Daring. Then he picked up his own spoon and held it out to the chef.

"I want you to take this plate of soup—before any of the gentlemen here touch any of it," he said, eyeing him keenly and sternly.

The flicker of a smile passed over the Chinaman's face, and he took the spoon readily.

"Velly well, Excellency," he assented, in broken English. "Velly good first chop soup!"

He took spoonful after spoonful with evident relish, until the plate was half empty. Then he looked up triumphantly.

"Me make velly good first chop soup," he repeated to no one in particular. The table looked on in a mixture of amazement and amusement.

"Will you have some more?" asked the Admiral.

"Me takee all—a lottee, if Excellency likee," returned the chef, just the suspicion of insolence in his voice.

The plate was filled again, and smilingly the Chinaman took up the spoon. As he did so Daring stretched out his hand and calmly took the spoon out of his grasp. Sir George Black watched the act and then he turned to Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

"May I trouble you for your spoon?" he asked.

As he spoke the chef drew himself up quickly and gave a quick, sinuous wriggle of his body. For an instant Wells almost lost his hold of the fellow's left arm, so sudden was his movement, but the next instant Daring had seized his free right arm and Sims had grasped him firmly by the collar of his clothing.

"Thank you," said the Admiral, taking the spoon which his mystified guest handed to him. "Now, my friend, will you finish your soup with this, eh?"

The Chinaman stood silent. He made one effort to say something, but refrained. He was cornered and he knew it.

"Very well!" laughed Sir George Black; "you are doubtless wise in refusing." He looked at Daring and smiled. "So you were right. Do you two mind taking him outside and handing over him to the guard to look after? Tell them to send for the police."

When Daring got back Sir George signalled to him to come and sit by him.

"Dr. Sen wants to talk to you," he explained.

"I want to say 'Thank you for saving my life,'" said the doctor quietly. "Sir George tells me that it is entirely due to you that I am not dead by now. He has told me something of how you became suspicious; will you tell me the rest?"

"Well, sir," said Daring, "I was so certain that the fellow had some game on that, although his papers appeared to be in order, I kept a watch on him."

"It had to be something to do with the soup, of course, because that was the only dish he had any hand in, but I couldn't quite make out what. Then, just before dinner, I saw him sneak into the mess and change your soup-spoon for one which he brought. I guessed at once that he must have 'treated' the spoon in some way so that you would become poisoned."

"You don't think he poisoned all the soup, then?"

"I don't know; but I rather imagine there was something in it which, in conjunction with what was on your spoon, would prove fatal. But you're a doctor, sir; you'll be able to find out that by analysis."

Sun Yat Sen laughed.

"Yes, I shall find out. It is a case of 'in the soup' all round, as you English say. By the way, how do you think he managed to dispose of the proper chef and get the authorisation to come here?"

"Kidnapped him," said Daring. "I saw him do it, only I didn't realise what was happening at the time. Still, I'll be able to direct the police where to look for the unfortunate chef when they come for his impersonator."

(Another of Daring's adventures shortly.)



Daring and Wells watched what appeared to be some sort of a brawl between three Chinamen.

Shortly our guests, and thousands of other people, will be enjoying themselves at the Crystal Palace—

The Adventures of a Lady Detective

By MAUD WEST.

In this series of articles the celebrated lady detective relates her interesting experiences for the first time, and lifts the veil from many extraordinary phases of life with which in her professional capacity Miss West has become familiar.

WORK IN PRIVATE HOUSES.

From time to time my work takes me into private houses, sometimes as a guest at a big house party, sometimes to a ball or great reception. This necessitates my having, I may incidentally remark, a full wardrobe of smart gowns and evening frocks, for, of course, I appear on such occasions as a friend of the hostess. My dress bills for this purpose amount to a good sum in the year, and I have to constantly renew my wardrobe, for I must take care to appear but seldom in the same frock or gown. My work at private houses varies a great deal.

I may have to watch a lady who has been suspected of stealing some of her hostess's valuables, or I may be commissioned to find out if one of a party is cheating at cards, or I may have to obtain evidence to be used in a divorce case or action for slander.

They Seldom Reach the Courts.

Behind the scenes in the great fashionable world dramas as strange, indeed often stranger, than are ever seen on the stage are constantly being enacted, and the strangest never or rarely see the light of the Law Courts; they simply end in the disappearance of some of the chief figures in them from the social world. Occasionally you may catch a reflection of some of these society dramas in some such announcement in the press that Lord— or Mrs.—has sold or let his— or her—house in town and intends living abroad for the next few years.

A few years ago I went down to a great country-house where there was a big gathering of many well-known men and women in society. A diamond necklace had been stolen from a lady; the matter had been kept very quiet and no one except the lady in question and the host and hostess knew anything about the affair.

I was introduced as a guest, and, of course, no one in the house had the least idea that I was not one.

One of the Guests Was a Thief.

My hostess was quite frank with me regarding the whole matter. She told me that she did not suspect any of the servants, and could only come to the conclusion that it was one of the guests, and she mentioned the name of one and the reason for her suspicion. I asked for a list of the names of the guests, and saw among them the name of a certain gentleman upon whom my suspicions at once fastened; for I knew, though, of course, his hostess did not, that a similar offence had been brought home to him some years back. He was not, I may say, the person whom the lady of the house suspected.

My suspicions were further confirmed when that night this gentleman told his hostess that he would have to depart the next day. I left directly after he did, for I determined to shadow him, and it was most important that I should not lose sight of him for a moment for the next couple of days.

Pawned the Necklace for £200.

I had, of course, to disguise myself. In order to do this I walked to the railway-station, which was about a mile from the house. I carried a small handbag and effected my disguise in a disused cottage by the roadside. I reached the station a few minutes in advance of the gentleman I suspected, and went up to London in the same train with him. Three hours after arriving in London I succeeded in obtaining conclusive proof that he had stolen the necklace. I followed him to a pawnshop, and on his leaving it, ascertained that he had pawned the diamond necklace for £200.

He was not prosecuted, but I believe he had to leave the country.

In this particular case I was rather lucky, and was able to "work" it very quickly; but, of course, I get a lot of cases that are very much more troublesome and difficult. I remember once going to a country house to try to secure evidence against a certain lady in a slander action that another lady wanted to bring against her, and through whom I got invited to the house party in question. My

business was to see if I could overhear the lady in question uttering any slander against the other lady.

Well, I was at the house for a week and never heard the lady do anything of the sort. My own impression was, and is still, that she had never uttered the slander attributed to her by my client, which I may incidentally remark was one of a very serious character. Anyhow, my client insisted at last on bringing the action for slander, though she was strongly advised not to do so by her solicitors, and, of course, she lost it, for she practically had no case.

Asked to Catch a Card Cheat.

On several occasions I have gone to private houses to watch certain ladies or gentlemen who were suspected of cheating at cards.

I remember some years ago I went as a guest to dinner at the house of a well-known American lady in society, and until my arrival at their house I did not know anything about the case. I simply received a telephone message in the morning from Mrs. — to say that she wanted me to come to her house that evening at seven o'clock and to stay to dinner. When I got to the house my client informed me that she wanted me to watch a certain Mr. — when he was playing cards after dinner.

There was not in his appearance, by the way, the least suggestion of a villain. He was a small, slight, insignificant-looking man, with dreamy blue eyes, light hair, and a rather childish expression.

I Watched for Four Hours.

After dinner the party adjourned to the drawing-room and began to play poker. I did not join the game, and neither did my hostess. To make a long story short, I watched the game for nearly four hours before I discovered the gentleman in an actual act of cheating. What he did was to slip some cards from the bottom and middle of the pack to the top when taking up the cards to deal, and being a finished card-manipulator, he could do this so quickly that no one who was not watching him very closely could possibly detect him.

In accordance with an arrangement with my client, directly I saw him cheat I rose and left the room, and the gentleman was there and then accused of cheating by his hostess.

The accusation took him completely by surprise, and he admitted to having done so. Before he left the room he made a confession of having cheated on eight different occasions, and undertook to refund eleven hundred pounds, which he had won from three ladies and one gentleman of the party on various occasions in the past month.

A Ridiculous Charge

I have had some rather amusing cases in the course of my work at private houses. Once an elderly gentleman (he was certainly over seventy) came to my office with a long rigmorole story about his wife and a gentleman whom he suspected of making love to her, and he wanted me to come to a ball that his wife was giving and "keep an eye on her." He gave me to understand that his wife was an extremely pretty, vivacious young person, and told me that he wanted to know exactly how things stood between her and the gentleman mentioned, "before he proceeded to take any extreme measures"—whatever they might be.

He had a niece living in Paris whom his wife had never seen, and I was to be introduced to her as this niece, and he was to tell his wife that she had come to London for a week or so. Well, I went to the ball, and I shall never forget my feelings when my client presented me to his wife.

She was certainly not a day less than fifty, and to imagine her guilty of carrying on a romantic intrigue with anyone was really ridiculous. She was, as a matter of fact, an extremely nice lady, and her husband's suspicions about her were evidence that the old gentleman was falling into his dotage.

Miss Maud West's next article is entitled: "Lovers and Love Affairs."

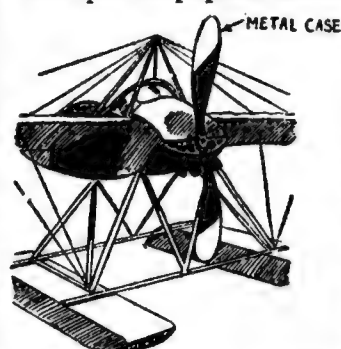
Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

WAVES CAN'T DAMAGE IT.

THE tips of the propellers used on hydro-aeroplanes



would always be snapping off were it not for the device shown in this illustration. The end of the propeller blade is encased in a covering of this metal.

This prevents the tip of the whirling propeller being damaged when it strikes the waves, as it so

often does when the machine descends in a choppy sea.

NEAR A STATION.

HAVE you ever noticed a white board divided into three by the side of a railway where mail trains frequently pass?

This sign, you will find, is to be seen a mile or so from a station, and is put there for a very good purpose.

The men in charge of the operating nets on the mail trains, on seeing this board, know at once that they are nearing a station and that it is time to lower their nets to pick up mail bags, and also to hang out the outgoing bags on the standard to be swept off as the train rushes through the station.

This sign is very much appreciated by these men, for they know that to lower the nets at the wrong time means certain disaster, especially when bridges are encountered.

FOR GARDENERS.

THE accompanying illustration depicts a good hint that will appeal to all readers interested in gardening.

Often in dry weather when plants have to be watered the act of watering brings the roots to the surface. To obviate this, arrange a few flower-pots in the ground at intervals, as shown in the sketch.

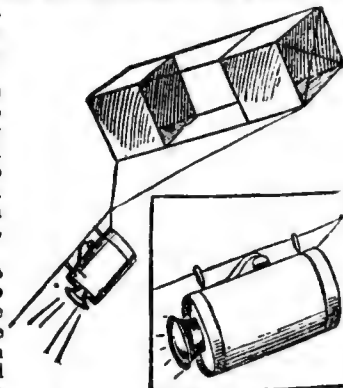
When watering the plants, pour the water into the flower-pots. By doing this the water goes to the roots without saturating the top soil, thus preventing the soil giving way, and also stopping the roots from rising.

FOR NIGHT SIGNALLING.

THIS illustration shows an ingenious method used by Army signallers who wish to convey messages at night. A powerful box kite is sent aloft, and fastened

to the string a few yards from the top is a flash lamp. This lamp is threaded on the kite string by two round hooks, and the loop formed between them presses on a strip of metal.

By giving a sharp jerk to the string the man on the ground can press this metal on to the button of the lamp, which causes it to send out a ray of light. By means of sharp jerks the Morse code can plainly be signalled.



Our Knowledge Tests

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 121.

(1) A LONG JENNY.

The prize in this contest was awarded to E. C. Felling, 657 Rochdale Road, Manchester, for the explanation which follows:

A term used in billiards to denote a long "spinning" stroke, derived from the machine used in spinning or weaving, called a spinning jenny or mule. The ball must be struck so that it spins, causing it to hug the cushion until it reaches the pocket.

(2) OSITER DICTUM.

John Aurache, 22 Roland Road, Walthamstow, Essex, supplied the winning definition in the following terms:

Latin for "something said in passing"; hence an opinion expressed incidentally and not as the result of deliberate judgment. For example, a casual remark made by a judge apart from his judicial decision given subsequently concerning the same subject. Hence an *Ositer Dictum* has no authoritative value.

(3) BLACK MONDAY.

For the explanation which follows, the prize of 10s.6d. has been awarded to A. Taylor, 111 Stevenson Drive, Glasgow, S.S.:

A term originally applied to Monday, April 14th, 1560, owing to a disaster which overtook an English army under Edward III. in France. Hence, Easter Monday is frequently so-called, and also any ill-omened day, such as, among schoolboys, the Monday on which school reopens after a holiday.

(4) AS POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE.

This phrase was best defined by the prizewinner, Mrs. H. F. Bex, Gwynant, Lion Road, Bexleyheath, who wrote as follows:

A term applied to persons in reduced circumstances who maintain a respectable position and keep themselves of good repute in spite of extreme poverty. The poor living of a mouse in a church, where there is practically no food for it, symbolises the small means of the persons referred to.

(5) BEE IN ONE'S BONNET.

J. W. High, Royston, Corsham Road, Southend-on-Sea, has been awarded the half-guinea prize for the best explanation of the above expression:

A popular expression of Scottish people referring to persons with fanciful ideas, amounting almost to craziness. Bee probably refers to Bighes, a jewel or ornament worn by the Scots in their bonnets or head-gear.

(6) FOURIERISM.

The attempt selected as the best was received from H. Smith, 103 Floyer Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, whose explanation read as follows:

A socialistic system propounded by Charles Fourier, a French philosopher, by which Society would be divided into sections, each self-governing. Each man would have as varied work as possible, and, after payment of wages, making allowance for capital, and so on, any surplus wealth would be divided.

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

"LETTERS" CONTEST.

Five electric hand-lamps were offered for the best drawings similar to the "Man of Letters" illustration on page 926 of P.W., only the letters in Pearson's Weekly to be used. The prizes were won by the following:

P. Atkins, 211 Hatfield Rd., St. Albans; G. W. Cooper, Quarrington, Sleaford, Lincs; T. Hopwood, 86 Ouston Rd., Leicester; W. E. Potter, 92 Broad St., Swindon; A. E. Wood, 1 Dryden St., Hull.

"OARSMAN" CONTEST.

Competitors were asked to write Limericks, beginning with "There was a young oarsman, and he—". For the five best attempts silver watches were offered, and these were won by:

G. W. Bishop, Elmhurst, St. Leonards Rd., Windsor; J. J. Cuning, The Lodge, Chertsey Rd., Brighthelm; C. Lovegrove, 42 West St., Henley-on-Thames; W. J. Northover, 31 Beech Hill Rd., Eltham; Alex. Macleod, 68 Murraygate, Dundee.

"TROC" CONTEST.

The sub-editor was "dining" his best girl at a restaurant, and when the bill was presented he found, to his horror, he had not brought any money with him. What did he say to the waiter? This was what readers were asked to suggest, and for the best sayings the prizes of five hand-lamps were thus awarded:

J. Graddon, Dowlish Wake, Ilminster; L. W. Jackson, Guild's Square, Crewkerne; Miss D. Johnstone, 62 St. Albans Ave., Bedford Park, W.; N. McRae, 16 Walter St., Dennistoun, Glasgow; G. Swift, 9 Aigburth Rd., Grassendale, Liverpool.

"FIGHT" CONTEST.

Prizes of five stylo pens were offered for the best imaginative sketches of the "Fighting Editor," drawn in twenty-five straight lines. The winners were:

A. Broed, 9 Unity St., Carlton, Wakefield; A. Forbes, 41 Alexandra Rd., Canton, Cardiff; H. E. Harding, 17 Bevis Rd., Portsmouth; A. Needham, 54 Charlton Rd., Blackheath; W. Whatley, 124 Rosebery St., Swindon.

"I AM FREE FROM PAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TEN YEARS."

A MARVELLOUS FREE PRESCRIPTION.

A Manchester man writes: "When I got that instant relief I told my wife that I would write to the papers so that others would know of it, if I was still free of pain at the end of the week. I have no doubt now that I am cured. Cured after suffering agonising pain night and day for ten years. What it would have meant to me had I known of the prescription earlier! I am certain that it will cure any pain, whether from Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headache, etc. No case could be worse than mine.

"The prescription is this: Go to the nearest chemist's and get 60 grains of Kephaldol in tablet form. Two tablets taken at once will give instant relief. The preparation is absolutely harmless, though the relief is so prompt."



I've found out where Mother hides the

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for children's bread
It saves the butter bill.

Make some delicious Laitova sandwiches to-day.

Your grocer sells it.
In Glass Jars: 6½d., 3½d., and 2d.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM Ltd.,
Cornbrook, Manchester.



DO YOU WANT another £1 a WEEK?

Reliable persons will be provided with profitable home work on Auto-Knitters by busier manufacturers. Experience unnecessary, distance immaterial. Write for illustration & price, enclosing particulars of our offer. Enclose 1d. stamp for postage, to
GENE WHEELER & CO.
(Dept. 14, 50 & 52 Delvaux Street, Leicester.)

Jacksons'

Hats
3/9

Boots
10/6

Macs
21/-

Rain-coats
30/-



It costs so little to be well dressed if you go the right way about it.

JACKSONS' world-famous

Felt Hats (all one price) 3/9
Boots " " 10/6
Macs & Raincoats 21/- & 30/-

not only lead in fashion, but in wear are far away superior to others at anything like the price.

Why not have the "just better" quality next time—just better in wear, just better in style?

Ladies' styles in Boots, Shoes, and Raincoats at above prices.

Branches in all large towns.

Mail Order Department.

Those unable to visit any of Jacksons' numerous branches should make use of the mail order department. Catalogue of the latest fashions sent on request. Postage & packing free.

JACKSONS' LTD.,
Victoria Works, Stockport, Cheshire.

Rhubarb and BIRD'S CUSTARD is good for little Mary.

Just the dish to refresh and invigorate the system after its winter inactivities.

If you ask for **BIRD'S** Custard, your Grocer knows you want the best, and the very first taste proves the great superiority of **BIRD'S**.

BIRD'S—the Perfect Custard—in Pkts., 2 for 1½d
Boxes 4d & 7½d, and large 8½d Tins.



THE WORLD'S BEST STORIES.

This Week's Little Lot

His Lordship Disillusioned.

ONE of Lord Wolseley's favourite reminiscences goes back to the time of his service in Canada and concerns his meeting with a great Red Indian chieftain. He rode forward to meet the chief, whom his fancy had pictured as a man of dignified and impressive demeanour, and arrayed in feathers and war-paint.

Great was his disappointment to find instead that the chief was a very unromantic person clad in a discarded dress-coat and a pair of very dirty flannel trousers.

At the end of the interview the guide who accompanied Wolseley hinted that the noble Redskin would most probably not be averse to drinking the distinguished white man's health. Thereupon Wolseley presented the chief with half-a-dollar, rather fearing that he might regard it as an insult and have him scalped. Any fears he had in this direction were very promptly dispelled, however, for the chief simply looked at the coin on the palm of his hand, and inquired: "Couldn't you make it a dollar, sir?"

Drastic Weeding.

ANOTHER notable figure in Society has passed away with the death of Lady Dorothy Nevill.

One of the stories she used to delight in telling was of a certain lady not very well versed in the ways of Society, who wanted to give a smart ball. She desired to have everything "just right," and she appealed to Lady Dorothy to help her in the matter of invitations, and so on.

Lady Dorothy very obligingly gave her a number of hints, and the ball came off fairly successfully. Next day the hostess and Lady Dorothy talked it over, and her ladyship remarked: "It was very good for a first attempt, but next year you must weed your list a little!"—meaning that she must be more particular to whom she sent invitations.

"And she did," Lady Dorothy would add; "for next year she weeded out my daughter and me!"

A Thoughtful Child.

THE Marquis of Crewe, to whom the King and Queen will pay a visit this month, tells a funny story of a little boy who was naughty one day.

He obstinately refused to say his lesson to his governess.

"But you know it quite well, I'm sure!" protested that distracted lady.

"Yes," he admitted.

"Well, why won't you say it?" she inquired.

"What's the use," he replied, reasonably enough.

"If I say it, you'll only make me start an' learn something else."

One Great Advantage.

BOTH Lord and Lady Crewe are keenly interested in politics. The story goes that while Parliament was discussing the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, by which a man might be permitted, on the death of his wife, to marry her sister, Lord Crewe wrote to his wife: "Have you heard the latest argument in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill? It is that if a man marries two sisters he can have only one mother-in-law!"

In the Family.

ANOTHER of Lord Crewe's stories concerns his father, the late Lord Houghton.

In a second-hand dealer's shop in Wardour Street one day Lord Houghton saw and admired a portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered five pounds for it, but the dealer refused to part with it for less than £7 10s. As neither would give way, the picture remained where it was.

Not long afterwards, while visiting at a country house, Lord Houghton saw the picture hanging in the dining-room. He went towards it with an exclamation of surprise.

"Hullo! what have you got here?"

"Oh, that is a portrait that has just been bequeathed to us!" replied his host, a rather vulgar, boasting man. "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals—an ancestor of ours!"

"Was he, indeed!" commented Lord Houghton. "A month ago he was within two pounds ten of becoming one of mine!"

Those Useful Guards.

THE ear-guards usually worn by Lieutenant Wodehouse, captain of the English Rugby team, recall the story told in connection with the two young ladies who saw a footballer wearing them for the first time.

"Whatever is he wearing those funny flaps over his ears for?" one of them wanted to know.

The other hadn't a ghost of an idea, but as she desired to convey the impression that she knew all about it, she replied at once: "Oh, that's so that he won't hear what the others say when he kicks them!"

Very Suspicious.

THE abstemious habits of the new President of the United States recall a story told in connection with the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to America.

When the Prince went to Washington the President invited him to a beer-feast, and finding at the last minute that the cellars of the White House lacked the necessary equipment, ten dozen beer-glasses were hurriedly ordered to be hired from a neighbouring hotel, kept by one Ernst Gerstenberg.

The glasses arrived just before the guests, and when Prince Henry "took the first observation" through one of these glasses he saw engraved on the bottom this startling notice: "Stolen from Ernst Gerstenberg"! Who shall blame the Prince if he looked rather suspiciously at the President.

The explanation was quite simple, of course. So many glasses had been stolen from the hotel by customers that the good Gerstenberg had had the notice engraved on his property so that they might not be quite so tempting!

Given Away.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, who has been figuring in the American courts, once told this story against himself.

Some years ago he was writing an article on prison life, and in order to get his facts he was permitted to visit the local gaol. He happened to mention at home the work he was engaged on, and the younger members of his family were greatly interested.

Shortly afterwards he was taking his youngest daughter on a railway journey in a very crowded train. As the train passed a large and gloomy-looking building one of the passengers asked: "What is that place?"

"That is the county gaol," Mr. Hawthorne replied.

Up rose the shrill voice of his little daughter: "Say, poppa, is that the gaol you were in?"

His Only Subject.

MADemoiselle VAN VORST, in a recent book, tells a story of a dinner at Chicago given by the ambitious wife of a millionaire tanner. The lady noticed, to her annoyance, that her husband did not speak a word to their smart guests, and when she got an opportunity she whispered angrily: "Why don't you talk?"

"What's the good?" replied the tanner contemptuously. "There ain't one of 'em as knows a thing about leather!"

BIRTHDAY NOTES.

Mon., April 7.

What most of us want is more friends and less need of them.

Tues., April 8.

It's folly to be good unless you are good for something.

Wed., April 9.

A wise man never bets on a sure thing or a woman's age.

Thurs., April 10.

The modern woman's book appears to be the thing she daren't say in public but which she dares say in print, and it's not the fact of her saying it, but her wanting to say it, that makes the trouble.

Fri., April 11.

For a woman never to have been loved is a misfortune; for her never to have loved is a tragedy.

Sat., April 12.

As long as a husband shows any real heart interest in holding one of his wife's hands, she will cheerfully work the other one to the bone for him.

Sun., April 13.

Custom makes the man the pursuer and woman the pursued, yet few men would indulge in the love chase if some woman didn't come along and taunt them with a dare of "catch me if you can."

PUT YOUR SHIRT ON GINGER!

Slang Terms Chiefly Used by Racing Men on the Turf.

RACING men have a language of their own that is so puzzling to the ordinary non-racing reader that he is quite unable to understand it. Now the flat-racing season is beginning, columns will be filled in the daily papers with racing terms, an explanation of which requires a big slang dictionary.

For instance, you will read that Long Shank, which is looked upon as almost certain to win its race, is a "snip," "a pinch," "stone- ginger," "mince," "all jelly," or "a cert." The man who backs it will be "on velvet," have some "real jam," or "get the goods." If a man puts every penny he can raise on a horse he is said to have "put his shirt" on it!

But "Bow Legs" may be a horse that is going to be "pulled," that is to say, will not win the race which its form shows it should win. Such a horse is "a stumper," "dead meat," or "a stiff 'un." Racing men will also refer to it as "being out for an airing" or "on the line with the washing."

On the Look-out for a Piccan.

A swindler on the course is known by a variety of names. If he is a bookmaker and bolts he is said to be a "welsher." A "mug lumberer" is a gentleman who offers to put you on a "cert winner." He is on the look-out for the biggest-looking "stone jug," "piccan," "mug," or "jay," as those who are swindled are called.

He will "tell you the tale" and perhaps "cut up" or divide your money between himself and his friends who are "standing in" with him. Instead of putting money on a horse for you he may "work the broads," otherwise try the three card trick on you. If you suspect him he will probably "nip it," that is, run for it, though you may find he can use his "dukes" at a pinch.

When a man backs a winner on the course and forgets to claim the money he is known as "a snoozer," "a drug," or "a sleeper." If, however, he claims money which he has not won the bookmaker will sarcastically tell him to "go, carbolic," or tell him that his claim "want disinfecting" or is "bad fish."

A Bad Sovereign Is Yellow Peril.

You never back in shillings, half-crowns, sovereigns and so on, on the course. You "put on a bob" if it's a shilling. Your half-crown becomes "two and a sprat" or "two and a kick," while ten shillings is "half a thick 'un" or "a half bar." Should you give the bookie a bad sovereign, he will tell his pals that you "bunged it upon him" or that he has had a "bit of the yellow peril."

Money generally is spoken of as "stuff," "pieces," "slobberings," the "bank," "spoons" (short for "spendulicks"), or "dibs," or the "brads." When a backer or "punter" has lost all his money he is said to have "blued it in." If a friend gives him a good tip he is said to "have got the whisper" or "the griffin."

When a horse is going to do its very best to win a race, the stable owning it is said to be "out for blood"; while the horse itself is "buzzing," "on the job," or "going all out."

"Bookies" Skin the Lambs.

A horse that stands no chance of winning is termed an "outsider," though should it manage to get past the post first it is said to "pop up." As most of the money is put on favourites the bookies reap a rich harvest on those occasions, and he politely speaks of having "skinned the lamb."

When a jockey "pulls" a horse he is also spoken of as having "roped" it or having "come the strong arm." He may have lost the race, however, because other jockeys have hemmed him in on the rails. He is then "shepherded," "pocketed," or "corked."

Well-known jockeys have their names painted in bold letters on strips of wood which are hoisted on the number board. In the case of a comparatively unknown rider no such board is prepared, and his name is put up in chalk. For that reason he is known as "a chalk jockey," "a chalky," or "a whitey."

When you return home without a penny in your pocket you are "broken," "on your uppers," or "on the rocks." You will probably go without a "brief," that is, railway ticket, and travel "fourth class," or under the seat, your pal promising not to "give you away," or inform the ticket collector where you are travelling.

Confessions of the King's Bootmaker

By SAMUEL BULLEY.



(Mr. Bulley, for over thirty years, was the chief assistant to one of the best known bootmakers in the West End. During that time he provided the Royal Family with their footwear. King George, King Edward, and Queen Alexandra, the Kaiser, the Tsar of Russia, the King of Italy, and many other famous people have had their boots and shoes from him. This week he tells a few stories about Queen Alexandra.)

Stories of Queen Alexandra.

MORE than nine-tenths of our customers were men. We, of course, made boots and shoes for ladies, but it really requires a shoemaker who has specialised in ladies' footwear to turn them out properly.

As a matter of fact, for nearly a hundred years we absolutely refused to make a boot or shoe of any kind for ladies. In the beginning we were really military bootmakers, and the greater part of our trade was in connection with officers in the Army.

It was not, therefore, till Queen Alexandra came to the Throne that we did any great amount of work for her. Before that the Queen had most of her footwear made by a ladies' shoemaker, though we occasionally made a pair of boots for her to wear when she accompanied shooting-parties at Sandringham and elsewhere. These were laced boots, and were really what we call a "lady's man's boot"—that is to say, a man's boot, but much lighter in make.

Shoes at £2 2s. a Pair.

Queen Alexandra prefers an embroidered shoe above anything else. While in town she practically wears nothing else, only wearing boots when holiday-making, as it were.

The Queen's shoes are made of the finest black kid, and cost her £2 2s. a pair. The toes are embroidered in gold, silver, and black jet, spangled on in the most wonderful and beautiful designs. These spangles are very similar in appearance to those used on ladies' dresses, and every one has to be carefully sewn on by hand by women who have specialised in the work.

Before the shoes are made an artist draws out designs for the embroidery on the toes, and a number of these designs are submitted to the Queen. She is an artist herself, and often throws out a suggestion for improving the design. The shoes are, of course, ordered several pairs at a time.

The whole work in them is extremely delicate, the soles, for instance, not being thicker than a new sixpence, and the inside of the shoe being lined with silk. The bows are spangled in the same way as the toes are. The Queen only wears her shoes half a dozen to a dozen times, as a rule.

Special Boots When in Mourning.

Jet and gold are her two favourite colours for the embroidery work. She always wears jet embroidered shoes, by the way, when she is in mourning. It is not very well known that whenever the Court goes into mourning special mourning boots and shoes are worn.

These boots have plain black cloth uppers, and are worn by everybody moving in Society on the death of Royalty. When the Duke of Clarence died the whole court, peers, M.P.'s, and so on, went into the deepest mourning. On that occasion we had every single man we could spare turning out mourning boots as fast as they could be made.

The first time I actually called upon Queen Alexandra was about the time of her Coronation. I had with me half-a-dozen pairs of shoes for her Majesty, intending to leave them and call again later to see if they were all right. It was an unwritten rule that only the head of the firm actually attended on kings and queens while the chief assistant called upon minor Royalties, as it were.

When King Edward was Prince of Wales, for example, I often waited upon him, but when he came to the Throne the head of the firm would go to the Palace himself whenever possible.

When I arrived at Buckingham Palace Queen Alexandra's attendant told me that her Majesty wanted her shoes tried on at once. As I had no idea that I might be called upon to fit the shoes on I had come out in my old working-coat. I pointed this out to the attendant, and also told her that my employer would rather attend himself.

The attendant explained the position I was in to the Queen, who promptly replied: "Never mind how he is dressed so long as he can tell whether the shoes fit or not. I don't judge a man by the clothes he wears." She also gave orders for her attendant to telephone to the shop, and explain that "The Queen had commanded Mr. Bulley to try her shoes on."

But all my nervousness vanished when I was in the presence of the Queen. A more gracious lady doesn't exist. She was literally worshipped by all who had to wait upon her, and for everyone she had a kindly word and smile.

Only those in her confidence have the slightest idea of her charity and her constant thought for the poor. Her secret charity is boundless, and she spares no trouble or worry to help those who need it whenever she can. Queen Alexandra is indeed the "Queen of the Poor," and the heavy sorrows she has suffered lately have only made her feel all the more keenly for those in distress.

Among all the newspaper reports which appeared on the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's marriage I was unable to trace a mention of one of the greatest of the celebrations in her honour.

Burnt a Ship in Her Honour.

On the night of March 10th, 1863, the wedding night, I witnessed such a scene from Plymouth Hoe that will never be forgotten. Thousands of sight-seers gathered from miles round Plymouth and Devonport. The first part of the programme showed Plymouth Sound illuminated by fireworks. Suddenly a large three-masted ship, with all sail set, was fired at about nine o'clock.

The ship had previously been covered with pitch and tar, and in her hold were tons of inflammable material. She was fired at several points, and as the sailors rowed away from her she burst into flames from stem to stern. In a few minutes the rigging, masts and sails were ablaze, and I saw for the first and probably the last time a ship on fire at sea.

As the flames sank to the water's edge thousands of schoolchildren sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

I was one of the children.

(Next week Mr. Bulley will tell some tales of Greek Royalty.)

LIKES CLINGING GOWNS.

Mrs. SHORTLEY was discussing the latest fashions with a young lady caller.

"Did you say your husband was fond of those clinging gowns, May?"

"Yes; he likes one to cling to me for about three years."

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W." who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner. So

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

BLOTCHY FACES SOON CLEARED.



INFLAMED blotches and itching pimples on the face at this time of the year are signs that the skin is burdened with impurities and needs a "Spring Clean" with Zam-Buk. Nothing will clear the skin so quickly as Zam-Buk.

As a result of the unique combination of Zam-Buk's pure herbal ingredients, the balm is naturally absorbed through the tiny pores into the tissues, and the stimulating and searching effect of Zam-Buk's medicinal properties is felt at once.

The normal activity of the pores is restored so that they easily get rid of the impure matter that causes pimples and blotches to break out.

Zam-Buk thoroughly purifies the skin, soothes away all itching and inflammation, and keeps the skin healthy.

Zam-Buk

In Sealed Packages Only.



Mr. Geo. R. SIMS.

THE splendid significance of the Romany word Tatcho (which Mr. Geo. R. Sims, its illustrious discoverer, named his Hair Grower) is fully and faithfully lived up to in the proud product—worthy inheritor of a worthy name, which has changed despair into joy in a hundred thousand cases—Tatcho, the Hair Grower. Nothing but sheer merit, full worthiness, and utter genuineness, has placed and holds Tatcho where it finds itself to-day—the one reliable Hair Grower, trusty, honest, genuine.

THE HAIR-GROWER—

Tatcho

Chemists and Stores everywhere, 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6.

TATCHO LABORATORIES,
5 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.

If "Pearson's Weekly" wasn't called "Pearson's Weekly," what name would you suggest for it?



My Good-Bye to London

Mr. Forbes-Robertson Chats to Mr. P. Doubleyou about His Thirty-Nine Years On the Stage.

(When his present season at Drury Lane comes to a close Mr. Forbes-

Robertson, one of the foremost of English actors, will retire from the stage as far as this country is concerned. He has already said "Good-bye" to the provinces; he is now bidding farewell to London, and shortly he will start on his final professional visit to America.)

I was, in a manner of speaking, thrust upon the stage. I had really no idea of giving up painting for playing when, at the age of twenty-one, the invitation to become an actor came my way.

£4 a Week as a Young Lover.

It was a playwright, very popular in the seventies—Wills—who started me as an actor, "on the rank and ready to be called off," as old John Hollingshead used to say. The man they had engaged to play the young lover in one of his pieces hadn't come up to the mark, it seemed, and Wills, having seen me perform in some private theatricals, insisted that I was the man for the part, and that I should play it. Although I was terrified at the idea of it, I took the offer. The play was at the old Princes Theatre, and the salary I got was four pounds a week, which was, of course, astonishingly good for a beginner, especially in those days.

This play did not run very long, but luck did not desert me. I had the great good fortune to

get an engagement with Mr. Charles Calvert at Manchester. Calvert ran a stock company there; it was one of the last of the old stock companies, and its fame was great and deserved; nowhere in the country was there a finer company than this one.

It was at Manchester that I came to know Samuel Phelps, one of the greatest actors in the history of our stage, of course, and I was fortunate enough to be taken up by him and regarded by him as his pupil.

How Not to Act.

I remained Phelps's scholar for almost six years. Sometimes he had an unexpected, roundabout way of teaching one things. For instance, I was once cast to play a part that tradition and generations of players had endowed with an immense wealth of gesture and theatrical ornamentation. Phelps got hold of me and proceeded to go through the part with all the extravagances imaginable, I watching him and his actions closely. At the end he turned quickly to me.

"That's how they all think it should be played," he said. "Don't you play it like that at all; cut it out, cut it out!"

From Manchester I went as leading juvenile to the Bancrofts and the great Madame Modjeska, and in 1882 I obtained my first special engagement with the late Sir—or Mr., as he then was—Henry Irving. While with Madame Modjeska it was part of my work to see that the stage was always properly set and dressed—a duty I shared with the late Wilson Barrett.

I suppose I may say that I was an established actor before I went to Irving; and, *à propos* of this,

I have always been extraordinarily lucky in getting work. I have never been "out" for a longer period than three months at a time, and for one space of four years I played every night, except Sundays and Good Fridays!

Ever since I went on the stage I have kept a record of the parts I have played, and altogether I have undertaken 143 different characters. Hamlet is my favourite part.

The provinces have been very good to me always, and, although I do not wish to draw comparisons, I must say that Glasgow and Hanley have struck me as providing as quick and "understanding" audiences as one could wish to play to.

Romeo in a Fix.

One of the most trying experiences I have had during my thirty-nine years on the stage happened one night when I was playing Romeo. I was about to leave Juliet's chamber, and had flung one leg over the balustrade of the balcony when, to my horror, I discovered that there was no ladder provided for me to descend by.

There was an awkward pause as I stood, one leg on the balcony, gazing fearfully into the dimly-lit abyss below. Every convention forbade me to turn tail and make my exit by the door of the room. Besides, Juliet's mother was due to make her entrance through that door, and we should have come face to face, and so, before the audience began to titter too much I took my courage in both hands, drew my other leg over the balustrade, and, trusting to luck, took the drop into space.

I dare say I fell a good thirteen or fourteen feet, but as I landed well all was well for me, if not for the gentleman who should have seen that the ladder was in its place.

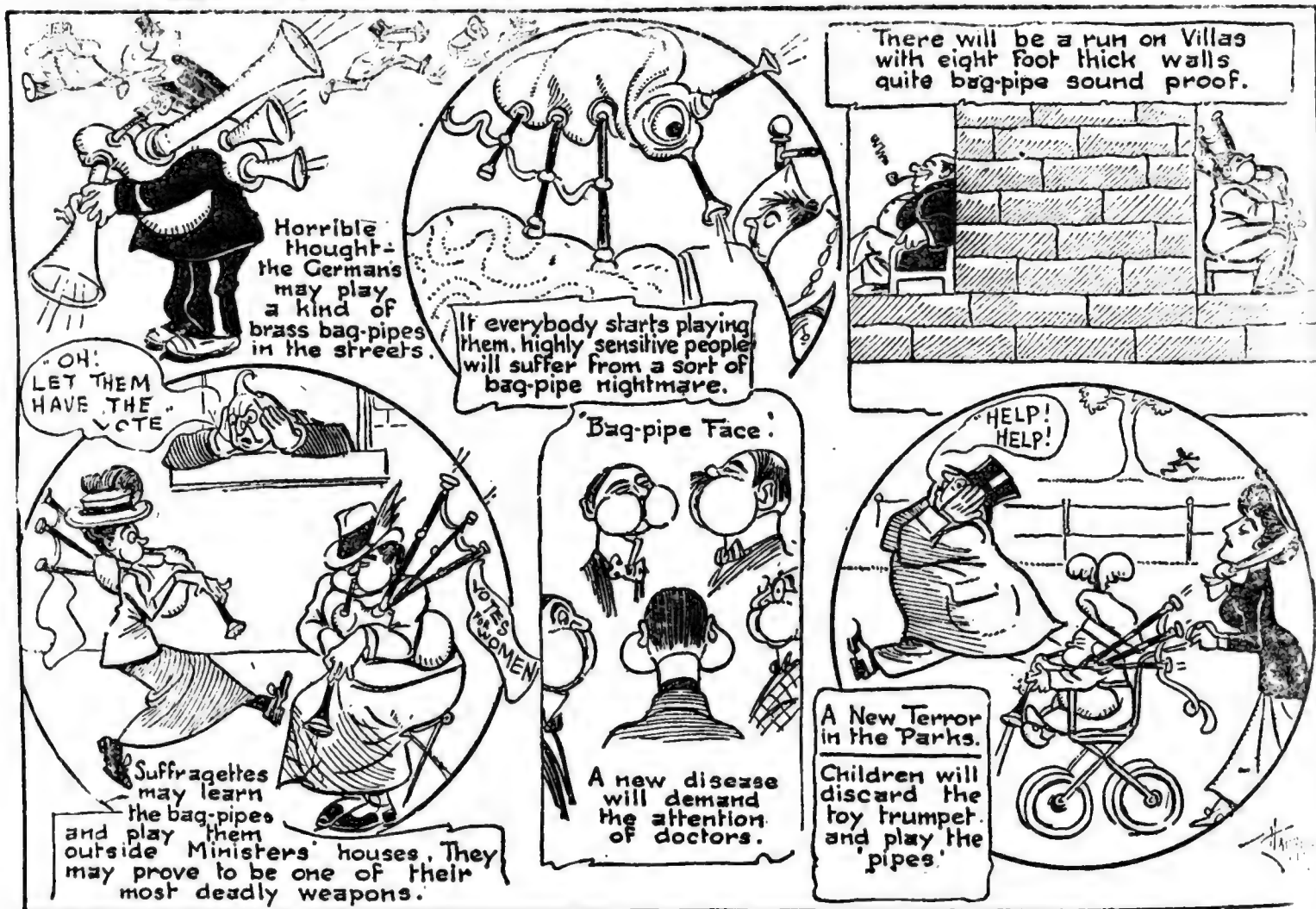
WAS HE BASHFUL?

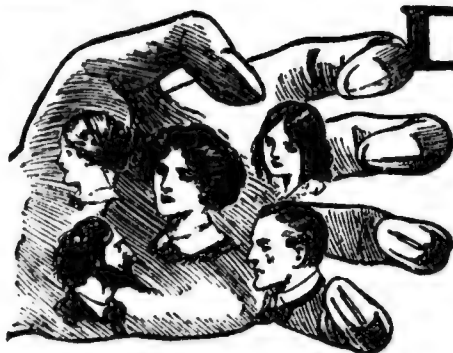
"WHEN you leave on the train," said the young man yearningly, "I will throw you a kiss."

"But," rejoined the girl, "don't you! It isn't polite to throw things at people. They should always give them."

ARE WE GOING TO HAVE A BOOM IN BAGPIPES?

Bagpipes (owing to the Prince of Wales learning to play them at Oxford) have recently become fashionable.





DEAD MAN'S GRIP

By ARTHUR APPLIN

AND

ELIZABETH GLAYDE.

POINTS TO PICK UP.

Thomas Christian Jephson learns from Deborah Kirke that her son Robert—really John—is still honeymooning with Rachel in Monte Carlo.

Jephson believes "Robert" to be connected in some way with the murder of old Joseph Lester, and he sets out for France to make him return home.

Jephson finds his quarry at the Monte Carlo gaming tables. From the Casino he follows John into the Hotel de Paris where the latter meets Rachel.

While at dinner Jephson makes the acquaintance of a charming Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle de Louyse, who mistakes him for a detective.

"Don't be afraid that I shall interfere in your affairs, monsieur," she smiles, leaning right across the table to Jephson. "I can understand that there's pleasure as well as profit in hunting a criminal. But naturally my sympathies are often with the hunted, *par exemple*—the woman over there—she glances at Rachel—"interests me; but the man, he is bourgeois, a fool."

Just at that moment Robert and Rachel Kirke rise from their table and leave the restaurant. Jephson knows they have been listening, feels sure they have overheard the conversation. If he is in any way right in his suspicions of "Robert" Kirke it is more than probable the latter will be on his guard and disappear.

CHAPTER LXXXIV (continued).

The Episode of the Wrong Table.

JEPHSON watched "Robert" and Rachel pass through the doors and turn to the right as if going out again. He fidgeted in his seat. He was half inclined to follow them, stop Kirke, and give him Deborah's message. He might relieve his fears or his suspicions, and Jephson could get him safely back to London.

"It's very hot in here," Mademoiselle de Louyse said. "If you have finished supper shall we stroll outside and smoke a cigarette? Even in Monte Carlo a woman cannot walk about the gardens by herself at night. If you will accompany me—you English are so chivalrous."

Jephson rose with alacrity and gave the beautiful Frenchwoman his arm. A sense of humour came to his rescue, and he laughed.

"I wish I had time to be chivalrous. I wish I had time to stay here and live a little while in fairyland. Alas, business claims me!"

They were walking down the steps into the square. A man passed them, stopped, and, turning, raised his hat. It was Benjamin Blenkinson again. The Frenchwoman smiled and took his hand.

"Ah, monsieur, I see luck is still with you!"

Blenkinson nodded, and then looked at Jephson with a quizzical smile. "And with my friend here!"

He laid a hand on the latter's shoulder; the gesture was friendly, confiding.

"You are in luck, Mr. Jephson! You have found one of the most beautiful and kind ladies in Monte Carlo as guide, philosopher, and friend. But, Mademoiselle de Louyse, I ought to warn you against Mr. Jephson," he said laughingly. "A very dangerous character. The best friend and the worst enemy a man can have."

With a kindly nod he passed on into the hotel.

They smoked their cigarettes walking up and down the terrace of the Casino. Mademoiselle de Louyse seemed quite at her ease, chatting gaily about everything and nothing. Jephson was perturbed. Down below in the gardens he had caught sight of Robert Kirke and Rachel again. Now and then he could hear their voices raised as if in argument.

"I know you are dying to get away," Mademoiselle de Louyse said when she had finished her cigarette. "Your business commences just as mine finishes! I can find my way back to the hotel quite easily; stay where you are. Good night and good luck!"

"I hope we shall meet again," Jephson said politely. And he meant it.

He watched her out of sight, admiring the splendid poise of her body, her white skin gleamed in the moonlight.

Then, with a sigh, he crept down into the gardens towards the clump of trees where he had seen Robert Kirke.

"Mr. and Mrs. Kirke, I think," he said, raising his hat. "My name is Jephson, Thomas Christian Jephson."

Rachel turned her back on him and moved away. "Robert" Kirke stared.

"That's not my name," he replied coldly; "and I

have never heard yours before. You have made a mistake."

He hurried after Rachel up the marble steps and along the terrace of the Casino towards the Hotel de Paris.

Jephson hesitated a moment then followed. But before he could overtake them the doors of the hotel had swung behind them. When he entered the foyer they had disappeared.

He made inquiries, but could not trace them under the name of Kirke. He walked slowly back to the Metropole, feeling strangely elated and a little disappointed.

For Kirke was suspicious! And obviously he was hiding under an assumed name! It certainly looked as though he were guilty of a crime—of a breach of the law greater than that of bigamy.

Jephson was up at eight o'clock next morning, and after a cup of coffee strolled across the square to the Hotel de Paris. He sat in the lounge, choosing a position where he could see everyone who left the hotel.

An hour passed; then he saw Mademoiselle de Louyse approaching. She gave him a friendly nod.

"What a glorious morning! I'm just taking a little drive in automobile. Would you like to accompany me, Mr. Jephson?"

"You are very kind, but I cannot."

The Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders. "No one has ever refused to accompany me before! You English are superb—always the business! And you will leave without seeing the great mountains and the wonderful coast and all the flowers kissing the blue sea?"

Even as she was speaking Jephson saw Rachel and Robert Kirke cross the lounge hurriedly. He rose to his feet. Mademoiselle de Louyse detained him. He reached the door in time to see them entering a motor-car in which was piled some luggage. As he ran down the steps the car drove off. The next moment it was out of sight.

Perhaps for the first time in his life he swore roundly. Another car drew up panting at the door—large, luxurious. A uniformed porter was holding open the door.

Jephson saw Mademoiselle de Louyse plant a daintily-shod foot on the step. As she did so she turned her head and smiled at him seductively.

"You won't change your mind, Mr. Jephson? My car is a very swift one?"

There was meaning in her eyes. A subtle suggestion in her voice. Jephson understood. He jumped to her side.

"You saw the people who started just now? I want to follow them. Will you—will you take me?"

"With pleasure, monsieur!" she replied. "It is a delightful day for a drive—and my car is a swift one!"

Jephson took his seat beside her. Mademoiselle de Louyse said one word to the chauffeur. The next moment they were speeding through the square towards the great white road that runs in the direction of Mentone—and towards the Italian frontier.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

A Motor-Car Chase.

MR. THOMAS CHRISTIAN JEPHSON leant back in the luxurious motor-car with a smile on his face like that of a man who dreams a wonderful dream.

"You will be cold," Mademoiselle Gaby de Louyse said. And she wrapped a huge fur rug around him, tucking him in and making him thoroughly comfortable.

"This is awfully good of you!" was all Jephson could find to say.

Already they had left the little town of Monte Carlo behind. On their left the ground ascended gently towards the mountains. On their right it tumbled towards the sea. White valleys gleamed snake-like, snugly encoined among the flowering shrubs and sweet-smelling trees. Here a grove of oranges or a little orchard of lemons; there the cold green of the olive-trees. A red sail on a turquoise sea; the white spray cloud of a motor-boat. Now and then in one of the valley gardens a marble statue of a goddess gleamed in the sunshine.

The car was humming along the dusty road at about forty miles an hour, scarcely making any sound at all.

(Continued on page 1064.)

Secrets of Beauty.

SELECTED RECIPES FROM HERE AND THERE: THINGS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

How to Have Thick and Pretty Hair.

"Home Talents."

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair, and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft, and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely, and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed 1 lb. packages, which retail at half-a-crown. However, as this is sufficient for fifteen or twenty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end. * * * For an actual hair-grower nothing equals pure boranum. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair-roots tingling with new life.

Home-Made Beauty.

"Cosy-Corner Chats."

The very simplest things are often the most effective in making a woman beautiful. For instance, few people know that a dull or greasy complexion can be instantly brought to a pretty, youthful, natural bloom merely by the application of ordinary cleminite dissolved in water. Moreover, the method cannot be detected even under the closest scrutiny. The result will last all day long and requires no powdering even under the most trying conditions indoors or out. If you have no cleminite in the house get about an ounce from the chemist's and add only enough water to dissolve it. Apply a little to the face. It is good for the skin and immediately produces that cool, velvety, natural "bloom" so much desired. * * * To bring a natural red colour to the lips, rub them with a soft stick of pro lactum.

Getting Rid of Female Moustaches.

"Popular Topics."

To women who are annoyed by disfiguring, downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pheninol may be used, applied directly to the superfluous hair. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin. * * * Objectionable body odours resulting from perspiration and other causes may be instantly banished by simply applying a little powdered (white) pergol to the affected surfaces occasionally. * * * Smart women are rapidly adopting the use of the natural allacite of orange blossoms when the complexion is inclined to be oily. It makes a capital greaseless cream and holds the powder perfectly.

The Actress Eye.

"Greenroom Gossip."

Actresses years ago abandoned the practice of clipping off the ends of the eyelashes to make them grow longer and stronger. Very often the lashes did not respond to this treatment, and remained ugly and stubby, which, of course, was tragic. Nowadays much less heroic and far more effective methods are used to force the growth of the long, curling lash and expressive eyebrow. Smart women use a very delicate and quite harmless substance known to chemists as menaline. It is applied to lash and brow at night with the finger-tips, to accomplish the desired result. It is greatly in demand by the profession for this purpose. * * * Rouge is always obvious, but powdered colliandum defies detection, and is quite harmless.

—For the best five suggestions for new names I will give Novel Sealing-wax Sets. Mark postcards "Name." (See p. 1070.)

DEAD MAN'S GRIP (continued from page 1063).

The song of the wind was all Jephson heard. He felt full of the spring. He began to lose consciousness of everything but the trees and flowers, mountains and seas.

The quicker he overtook Kirke and Rachel the farther they receded from Jephson's horizon. The South had cast its spell over him, and so had Mademoiselle de Louyse. He did not in the least feel like the private secretary of a London shopkeeper. He did not want to overtake his quarry yet.

At every turn of the winding road a fresh panorama of beauty was disclosed to his wondering eyes. Fresh marvels blinded his eyes, fresh perfumes assailed his nostrils. And always the wind singing her mad, wild song in his ears. And beside him, wrapped in the great fur rug, the beautiful Frenchwoman.

We have all sometimes dreamed of finding ourselves suddenly lifted out of the narrow little rut in which our lives are cast. We all have at some period or another, in imagination, cast aside our grey, workaday clothes—and the uncomfortable Sunday dress, too—and, on the wings of fancy, floated away to the land of El Dorado, the promised land of picture-books and fairy stories. We have become kings or princes, great gentlemen, or famous ladies, with unlimited wealth, which we have distributed with glorious prodigality. And there has always been the perfect lover, husband, or wife, in the great palace filled with rare treasures; and a garden always aglow with wonderful flowers filled with music and love!

Scarcely to one of us—perhaps fortunately—do these mad, beautiful dreams come true!

But to Thomas Christian Jephson at this moment was it vouchsafed to find himself dreaming and yet awake, surrounded by all the beauty his brain had ever conjured, and fully realising it was all real, all true. He could see, smell, touch, taste, enjoy.

Suddenly Mademoiselle de Louyse leaned forward and, with a slim, white-gloved hand, pointed ahead. The road had taken a sudden bend. They had reached the promontory known as Cap-Martin, and away below them the white road entering the town of Mentone was clearly visible. A black speck like a giant fly was crawling along the road. The car containing Kirke and his wife!

"There they are!" she cried. "We shall be up with them in a few minutes."

Jephson sighed. Mademoiselle de Louyse leaned back again and looked at him.

"Of course, I know why you accepted my offer of a little drive in my automobile. You didn't want the drive and you didn't want me! You just wanted these unfortunate runaways." She sighed then. "I don't really know why I'm helping you. A craving for excitement, I suppose; the desire for a new sensation. I've often been pursued"—she gave a little laugh—"but I have never been the pursuer before. What are you going to do when you have caught them? You won't be very hard on either of them, will you?"

"I just want to take the man back to his mother," Jephson said grimly.

And then he laughed, and the Frenchwoman laughed, too.

"I won't ask you any more questions," she said. "Besides, you haven't time to answer them. Look! They are not a hundred yards away. Now give me your orders, Mr. Amateur Detective. Shall we run them down or pass them. . . . See, the man is turning round; he realises we are pursuing him. This is awfully thrilling."

Jephson rose to his feet. "Pass them," he said to the chauffeur. "Then draw our car across the road, so that they will have to stop."

The motor-horn commenced to bark a peremptory warning. The driver of the car ahead took no notice.

They were running close together now, dangerously close. If "Robert" Kirke's car skidded or slowed up suddenly there would be a fearful smash. Jephson made a trumpet of his hands and shouted, but without effect.

Suddenly in front of them a wagon loaded with sweet-smelling pinewood came lumbering along the road. Both the cars slowed up slightly, passed safely, almost locked together. Like a flash Mademoiselle de Louyse's chauffeur took the centre of the road. The splashboards of the cars scraped one another.

The next moment Jephson's car had forged ahead.

A good many yards separated the cars before Mademoiselle de Louyse's chauffeur shut off, and commenced to slow down. The horn behind them hooted wildly, but without avail.

The leading car stopped, and, as it did so, it swung right across the road, absolutely blocking the way.

"Perhaps they'll try and ram us," Gaby de Louyse said casually.

For a moment it looked as though the car they had pursued, and which now was the unwilling pursuer, would dash into them.

But, with a noisy grinding of brakes and a cloud of dust, it stopped, the bonnet just touching the door of the Frenchwoman's car.

In an instant Jephson leapt out, wide awake now. Dreams had gone. He had come with a purpose; he had made a promise. He had his duty to do.

Without waiting to explain, he unceremoniously stepped into Kirke's car, and, bending down, he spoke rapidly under his breath into his ear.

"I know you are Mr. Robert Kirke. It's no use trying to run away. I've come out here with a message from Mrs. Kirke, your mother. If you wish to escape arrest, you must come back to London with me to-night."

John's jaws dropped. Beneath his black beard his face blanched. But he said nothing. Rachel was the first to speak. She had overheard, and she was prepared:

"Who are you? What's your name? By what right do you make this accusation?"

"I make no accusation," Jephson replied quietly. "I merely warn you—both of you!"

Rachel laughed in his face. "You warn me, indeed! I think you have made a mistake—one that will get you into serious trouble."

John Kirke was still silent. He looked helplessly at Rachel.

"You haven't given us your name yet," the latter said, "though it isn't of much importance. I presume you are a common blackmailer."

"My name is Jephson—Thomas Christian Jephson. For the moment, as I said, I am acting on behalf of Mrs. Phineas Kirke, of Beagle Street. If you take my advice, Mr. Kirke, do as I tell you and return with me to London to-night. I promise to escort you safely back. If you refuse to do this, I shall have to inform the local police, who will no doubt arrest you pending instructions from Scotland Yard."

Rachel grew pale then, but Jephson noticed that she did not exhibit the same amount of fear as her companion; she evidently meant to fight.

"You talk very big, Mr. Jephson. I would like to know on what charge you think you could have us arrested—arrested, indeed!"

Jephson looked at Kirke. "First of all, this gentleman, Mr. Robert Kirke, has bigamously married you, and that you, knowing he is already married to one Joan Lester—"

He said no more, for Kirke rose to his feet with a strangled cry. "That's a lie! I was a single man when I married this lady, I swear it! I know nothing about Joan Lester; never set eyes on a woman with that name in my life!"

Rachel was tugging at his sleeve; John did not notice her.

"I tell you this is some trumped-up charge!" he cried. "My mother wants to get me back, simply because she wants my money! By Heaven, she shall never touch a penny of it now!"

At last, by main force, Rachel pulled him back into the seat beside her.

"Yes, of course, this is Deborah Kirke's revenge," she whispered quickly. "She tried to prevent our marriage because she wanted Robert to herself and she wanted his money. You had better go back, Mr. Jephson, and tell her we defy her. I don't know whether you are her dupe or not; I have half a mind to hand you over to the first gendarme we meet. As I suspected, it's just blackmail!"

Jephson stood quite still; he remained quite calm. He took no further notice of Kirke; he kept his eyes on Rachel's face. He knew that she was the one who ruled. He could manage the man all right, but this woman had a will of her own. She was clever, she was cunning. And she would fight.

Thomas Christian Jephson respected brains. And it did not take him a couple of minutes to find out that Kirke was not over-burdened with them.

He waited until Rachel was silent. Experience—first gained at Benjamin Blenkington's shop—told him that it was never any good interrupting a woman.

"I have nothing more to say. It's not a bit of good trying to bluff me. I've seen the certificate of marriage between Mr. Robert Kirke and Joan Lester, only daughter of the late Joseph Lester, of 19 Burnaby Street. Remember, for the moment I am only acting as a friend. I promised Mrs. Kirke to bring her son safely home, for his sake as much as for hers."

Rachel was silent. She gave a sidelong glance at her husband. He was running his fingers nervously through his beard. He had not denied his identity again; it would be useless now if he did do so, for Rachel had practically confessed.

But Jephson was mentally comparing the man before him with the photograph he had seen. Either the photograph lied or Kirke had changed slightly since his second marriage.

"Well, Mr. Kirke, there is no time to be wasted. Will you come back with me to-night by the express, or do you refuse?"

Again Kirke glanced at Rachel. She had no more to say. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. The large, dark eyes were hot and angry, the red lips pouted.

"I tell you I have not committed bigamy," Kirke said unsteadily; and now he looked Jephson straight in the face. "I swear on my honour that this is my lawful wife. I have never been married before! I have never even been engaged."

"You don't deny that you are Robert Kirke?"

As Jephson spoke he noticed Rachel slip her hand

(Continued on page 1065.)

RHEUMATISM.

Over twelve months ago, Miss K. Johnson, of 26 Fifth Road, Heaton, near the Nursery Reservoir, Bradford, said: "Ever since I was eleven years of age I have suffered, off and on, from rheumatism. On several occasions I have been obliged to lie up for a time, the pains have been so acute. I tried several remedies hoping to find relief, but none of them did me any good."

"I was suffering in this way a few months ago, and I also had severe, aching pains in the small of my back; it was a hard matter for me to keep about. If I stooped I found it difficult to get upright again. I was troubled a good deal with dizziness, and spots seemed to be floating before my eyes. My head ached dreadfully."

"I was advised to try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and I am glad I did so, for after taking them for a little while they cured me, and I have been quite free of rheumatism and kidney trouble since. I gladly recommend Doan's pills to any who suffer as I did. (Signed) (Miss) K. Johnson."

OVER TWELVE MONTHS LATER, Miss Johnson said: "My cure has been permanent, for there has been no return of the old complaint since Doan's pills cured me."

When the kidneys are ill the whole body is being slowly poisoned. That is why kidney complaint is so serious, and why it so often ends fatally. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cleanse and gently heal the kidneys, and so cure the cause of kidney trouble, backache, rheumatism, dropsy, urinary disorders, gravel, languor, weakness and unnatural drowsiness.

In 2/9 boxes only, six boxes 13/9. Never sold loose. Of all dealers or from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Be sure you get the same pills as Miss Johnson had.

IS YOUR HEART BAD?

Feel your pulse. Is it regular? Do you ever have Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Skipping a Beat, Cold Hands or Feet, Pain under the Left Shoulder Blade, Trouble in Lying on Left Side, Dizzy Spells, Drowsiness after Eating, Violent Starts in Your Sleep, Fullness in the Throat, Neuralgia around the Heart?

If you have any of these symptoms, it is not time to correct them?

Oxien has proved an almost infallible cure of functional Heart Disease and its complications. Let us send you a free packet, that may, without cost, try its effect upon your trouble.

We will send this week's trial treatment, relying on telling your friends if it does you good. Full particulars of use and of some of the cures with every packet costs you nothing to try.—THE GIANTOXIE CO., LTD. (Dept. GFF), 8 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

FREE BOX OXIEIN.

Even if I
is
sticky,
it's
**MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE-
DE-LUXE.**

Now, ladies! Can you tell me "What did the milk punch?" (Turn to page 1036.)

DEAD MAN'S GRIP (continued from page 1064).
over her husband's and grip it tightly, almost
fiercely.

"You don't deny that you are Robert Kirke?"
Jephson repeated.

"Of course not." The former laughed uneasily.
"Of course not. But there's some mistake."

"Then the sooner you come back and put matters
right the better for you, and the better for the unfor-
tunate young lady called Joan, who most certainly is
under the impression that she is your wife."

Kirke turned to Rachel. "You'll come, too, won't
you?"

She frowned. "I suppose I must."

Jephson shrugged his shoulders. "Personally, I
think it would be advisable, but it has nothing to do
with me. I don't think Mrs. Phineas Kirke wants
you."

Rachel leant back in her seat and smiled. "Then
I will come," she said.

The motor-cars were turned round, and presently
both were returning quietly towards Monte Carlo.
Kirke would not try to escape now, and so once again
Jephson sat beside Mademoiselle de Louyse. He tried
to thank her for her kindness and courtesy, but she
refused to listen.

"You English take things so seriously. Life's just
a game; emotions are our toys. I am never tired of
playing with them. Of course, they get worn out or
broken sometimes, and one wants new ones. You
have amused me, that's all!"

Jephson shook his head. He did not understand.
He got out when they reached the Hotel de Paris, and,
taking Mademoiselle's hand, he kissed it, just as he
would have done in a dream.

"Thank you!" he said. "In years to come I shall
remember these golden moments dropped into a grey
life!"

Half-a-dozen hours later Jephson found himself in
a first-class compartment of the train *de luxe*, hurrying
away from the sunshine of the South to the grey
gloom of London. And with him Mr. and Mrs. Kirke.
Once or twice he tried to make conversation, but it
was a failure. Rachel sulked, and her husband,
obviously nervous and ill-at-ease, refused to talk.

"When we reach Paris perhaps you would like to
wire to Jim Strong, and tell him to get the studio
ready for you both?" Jephson suggested.

And Kirke frowned and shook his head. "Jim
Strong? I don't know—" Rachel kicked him
surreptitiously. "Oh, yes, of course! But
I don't think I shall stay at the studio. The old lady
won't let me out of her sight when once she gets me
home."

Jephson nodded and said no more. But it struck him
as curious that Kirke should have forgotten his faithful
servant so quickly. It was very strange! And when
Kirke had denied his previous marriage he had spoken
with obvious sincerity.

Had he forgotten that, too?

Thomas Christian Jephson began to smell a rat!

CHAPTER LXXXVI. Robert or Someone Else?

It was a nasty wet evening, the close of one of
those horrid, splashy days in London, when Jephson
drove to Deborah's house in Beagle Street with Kirke
and the woman he had apparently bigamously married.

They all three felt very tired, and would have con-
fessed to feeling very irritable, too. The last part of
that long, tedious journey from Monte Carlo had been
trying.

And now they were back in London—in the moist,
wet gloom of the cold, grey city.

It must be confessed that London got on even
Jephson's nerves, though he had only been absent for
a few days. He missed the champagne-like sparkle,
the colour, the light, the laughter of the South.

When the cab stopped at Deborah's house Kirke
was the first to alight and give the bell a lusty pull.

"Hang it all, the old lady might have been waiting
up for us. It looks like a house of the dead," he
mumbled. "And the filthy weather!"

Rachel got out from the taxi-cab slowly, unwillingly,
smothering a yawn as she did so. She held up her
dainty skirts, disclosing the smartest of shoes and the
daintiest of silk stockings.

"I told you we ought to have gone to an hotel,
Robert. Anything more ridiculous than coming to
this beastly place I don't know; the bedroom is like
a barrack, and the sheets won't be aired—"

"For goodness' sake stop grumbling and give a
hand with the luggage," John snapped.

Rachel turned her back on him and gave a lusty
rat-tat with the knocker of the door.

And then it opened, and Deborah Kirke confronted
them. No word of welcome escaped her lips. She
evinced neither pleasure nor surprise. She held the
door wide open, and, with a shrug of her shapely
shoulders, Rachel stepped daintily into the hall.
John followed, with Jephson's help dragging in the
luggage.

The door closed, and Deborah padded her way
(Continued on page 1066.)

A £1,000 CHALLENGE RAZOR.

100,000 "Everlasting" English Sheffield Steel-Bladed "Mulcuto" Safeties at 2/6.

30 DAYS' FREE SHAVING FOR READERS OF "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

A remarkably bold £1,000 challenge is being issued
on behalf of a new improved Safety Razor with an
"Everlasting" Sheffield Steel Blade; and *Pearson's
Weekly* readers to-day have the opportunity of
obtaining free shaving with one of these single-
bladed Safety Razors for 30 days from the date of
receipt of one of the two coupons printed below.

The makers of the "MULCUTO" back up their
statement by a challenge of £1,000 that there is not
any Safety Razor manufactured that will shave more
quickly and more smoothly than the "Mulcuto,"
with its single "Everlasting" Sheffield Steel Blade.

The reason is that the "Mulcuto" Razor is fitted
with an everlasting blade of the finest Sheffield steel
—the steel that is everywhere admitted to
be the best in the world.

Sheffield, which leads the world in the
production of the finest steel the whole wide
world can produce, has at last turned its
attention to steel for Safety Razors.

Splendid Condition—After 5 Years' Use.

The following letter proves this.

It is from a gentleman living at Roath, Cardiff.

This is what he says:

Dear Sirs,—I sent to you five years ago for one of your Safety
Razors, for which I only paid 2/6. I have had it in constant use
ever since, and I always enjoy a clean and comfortable shave,
and the razor is still in splendid condition.

Never Drags the Skin.

What is the reason of this praise of the "Mulcuto" from
men of all ages and different conditions of life? It is this:

The "Mulcuto" Safety Razor

—Never drags—
—Never scratches—
—Never grazes—
—Never cuts—

} your skin.

Does not require a new blade every day or so, with the
expense and the trouble thereof.

This is the one everlast-
ing Sheffield Steel Blade
that outwears thousands
of blades costing 2/6
per doz.; and the
"Mulcuto" Razor
complete costs
only

2/6

To Men Who Don't Shave Themselves.

Men who have not yet commenced to shave themselves
waste much time and money at the barber's. They can
now save both by getting a "Mulcuto" and starting to
shave with it to-day.

How to Obtain This Wonderful Razor on Free Trial.

The "Mulcuto" is made in two qualities of finish.

No. 1 "Mulcuto" is nickel-plated, and the price is
only 2s. 6d.

No. 2 "Mulcuto" is a heavy silver-plated *Modele de
Luxe*, and the price is only 3s. 6d.

Each razor is packed in a neat metal pocket case, with
holder for stropping.

To obtain either of these two different quality
"Mulcutos" just fill up the coupon printed below, and
post it to the Mulcuto Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 40),
31-33 High Holborn, London, W.C.
Enclose P.O. for 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. as a deposit.

A 1s. Soap-stick with Ivorite Holder for 6d.

You can at the same time secure a 1s. stick of the
famous "Mulcuto" Shaving Soap in a dainty Ivorite
Holder. This is a special Shaving Soap, and gives a
beautiful soft, creamy, easy-shaving lather. It is of super-
refined quality, and is soothing and comforting to the
most delicate skin. Refills of the "Mulcuto" Soap
for your Ivorite Holder cost only 6d. to the users of the
"Mulcuto" Razor.

Write to-day. Here is the coupon entitling you to this
great Shaving Opportunity.

Mulcuto Safety Razor

COUPON

To the Mulcuto Safety Razor Co. (Dept. 40), 31-33 High Holborn, London, W.C.
Deposit of 2s. 6d.

Dear Sirs,
Please forward me, post free, the Mulcuto Safety
Razor No. 1 Nickel-Plated, on a month's free trial.

I enclose deposit of 2/6, and understand that should I
return the razor within 30 days, this deposit will be
returned to me in full.

Should I decide to retain the razor, it becomes my
property without further payment.

Strike this
out if not
required. { I also enclose 6d. for a 1/- Stick
of Mulcuto Shaving Soap with
special Ivorite H. Holder.

Name

Address

Agents Wanted.

Mail a ☒ over the 2/6 or 3/6 not required.

Dear Sirs,
Please forward me, carriage paid, the Mulcuto
Safety Razor No. 2 Silver-Plated *Modele de Luxe* on one
month's free trial.

I enclose deposit of 3/6, and understand that should I
return the razor within 30 days, this deposit will be
returned to me in full.

Should I decide to retain the razor, it becomes my
property without further payment.

Strike this
out if not
required. { I also enclose 6d. for a 1/- Stick
of Mulcuto Shaving Soap with
Ivorite Holder.

Name

Address

DEAD MAN'S GRIP (continued from page 1065.)
upstairs, holding the candle she carried above her head.

Rachel shivered, and, lifting her skirts well off the ground, she followed. "Ugh! What a musty smell. And what's happened to the light? Is the gas cut off?"

"I can't afford gas!" Deborah replied coldly.

Jephson fancied he heard her laugh as she opened the parlour door. Supper was laid. A rough-dried cloth covered the table, and on it stood a jug of water, a large piece of yellow cheese, a small pat of butter, and a loaf of bread. There was no fire in the grate. One gas-jet was lighted and turned half up.

Jephson was the last to enter. He shut the door behind him and unconsciously he sighed. He turned his eyes to the wall, where once the portrait of Phineas Kirke had hung. And then, Heaven knows why, his thoughts slipped back to Gaby de Louyse.

Yes, indeed, that was all a dream now. Already he began to doubt that it had ever been real. This was real! The prison-like room, with its old furniture, with its empty grate, its one gas-jet lighting the supper-table, the lump of cheese, the loaf of bread, and the small pat of Danish butter.

"Cheerful, isn't it? A nice sort of home to come to—I don't think!"

Rachel was the first to break the silence. She had dropped the dressing-case she carried on to the floor; she threw herself into one of the old-fashioned chairs; it groaned and creaked ominously.

"Take care! Anything you break you pay for!" Deborah croaked.

She was seated in the armchair near the empty fireplace, her back to the wall, the wall of the missing portrait.

"Is that all you've got to say?"

John Kirke strode to his mother's side and looked at her. He had not been so quick to feel the depression, to realise how cold, how ugly, how poverty-stricken everything looked. Women are more susceptible to these things. But the contrast between the life they had been living and the life to which they had returned was striking enough to throw the strongest mind out of balance.

"What sort of greeting did you expect?" Deborah asked sharply.

Her knitting-needles clicked and flashed in the yellow light. She kept her eyes on her work not vouchsafing her son a single glance.

"Well, hang it all, you sent for me! Sent a stranger to bring us home like a couple of kids! And here we are! Well, it's a jolly cold reception. One would think there was a corpse in the house, and that we'd met for a funeral. Dashed if it's as cheery as that. There would have been a drop of wine, anyway."

Deborah Kirke's needles clicked rhythmically. Rachel sat like a statue; her arms folded, her knees crossed. She was waiting for Deborah to look at her. She had purposely travelled in one of her smartest French costumes. Something chic and daring which she knew would irritate her mother-in-law. With one foot she played the devil's tattoo on the floor, while she slowly swung the other shapely leg to and fro. But Deborah Kirke did not seem to realise her presence.

"Haden't we better sit down and have supper?" Kirke ejaculated. "I suppose you've got something ready, mother."

"It's on the table!"

Slowly Rachel moved her chair round, then she gave a sneering laugh.

"How charming!" she said icily. "Just what one would have expected from your mother, Robert—caviare, nice warm soup, grilled sole, devilled kidneys, and a bottle of champagne! How very beautiful!"

An ominous silence, save for the restless knitting-needles.

"Is this all you've got?" John ventured.

Deborah nodded her head. A faint smile parted her thin lips. "Good food, my son. Good enough for your mother, so it's good enough for your woman. If she don't like it, it will do her good to go to bed on an empty stomach. She will have to learn to control her appetite in future."

Jephson stepped forward. "I've kept my promise. I think I had better be going, Mrs. Kirke."

"As you please," Deborah replied.

But John stopped him. "Look here, mother, he can't go without some sort of explanation. You sent him out to arrest us on our wedding tour—that's what it comes to. A man I've never seen before in my life. I am accused of bigamy. I'm not going to let Mr. Jephson go away thinking it's true. It's not fair to me, it's not fair to my wife."

The needles stopped clicking for a moment. Deborah raised her head and looked at Rachel. "Your wife, indeed! That hussy! Proud of her fal-lals, her silks and her laces, isn't she? She's no more your wife than I am; and she knows it! She went through a form of marriage with you to get your money. She knew you were married all right, but she thought it would not be found out. The girl you married, Joan Lester, tried the same game herself, but Fate stepped in at the altar and stopped her. Mr. Jephson was there. He knows."

Kirke commenced to pluck his beard. And Jephson

watched him. He certainly behaved as if he were guilty, yet it was strange that, in the face of overwhelming evidence, he refused to confess his guilt.

There was something very wrong somewhere.

"I don't think there's any object in my remaining," Jephson said. "I would like to see you again in a day or so, Mrs. Kirke, and I would like to see your son. If he'll give me his word that he won't run away until we meet again, I promise him his secret is perfectly safe with me."

He picked up his hat and moved towards the door. He hesitated a moment as if expecting Kirke to say something. But the latter stared moodily into space.

"I promise you he shall not run away," Deborah croaked. "But we are leaving here to-morrow. I've found a little farmhouse in Buckinghamshire. We shall stay there until this affair has blown over. If it can be settled without my son or this woman going to prison I shall probably send my Robert back to Australia. He will be safe there." Deborah gave Jephson a slip of paper. "That will be our address. You see, I have changed my name. It's no longer safe to use the name of Kirke."

Jephson took the slip of paper, and, bowing to Rachel, he left the room.

He was going to get plenty of excitement on his holiday, he cogitated as he drove back to his little hotel in the Strand.

He found there a letter from Hesketh Brand. It was addressed to Mr. Richard Wagner. But without the least hesitation Jephson opened and read it.

An invitation to a party, a very special party, in Brand's rooms. He took a deep breath and, tired as he was, his eyes grew bright and keen. Without doubt there was plenty of excitement for him on his holiday!

THE BLOOMIN' FORECAST.

I was wandering, quite composed and free,

Collecting morals in the usual way,

I looked into a window for to see

Wot was the bloomin' forecast for to-day.

The sun was shining bright as anything,

The road was up, and all the world was gay,

The very sparrows did their best to sing;

Not so, my friend, the forecast for the day.

"Gloomy," it said, and 'ad a picture, too;

A nice young lady in a thunderstorm.

And yet the sun was bright, the sky was blue,

And even in the shade I felt it warm.

W'ch only shows you wot I've said before:

'Ow'er wise, you never reely know,

And wot the 'Eavens newly 'ave in store

They may pretend, but are not given to show.

So git along: live 'appy with your wife,

Stick to your pals, and do the best you may.

You will not git no comfort in your life

By trusting to the forecast for the day.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

The Tigress Plays a Trump Card.

"Look here, what's all this rot about going away to some blooming village in Buckinghamshire?" John Kirke stormed.

He had recovered his self-possession now. He stood with his back to the fireplace, his hands in his trousers-pockets, glaring at his mother.

"We start to-morrow at nine o'clock," Deborah replied.

"Do we? I'm not so sure of that. I want an explanation."

"So do I," Rachel yawned. And, stooping down, she pulled a crease out of her silk stockings.

"If you're not careful, the only explanation you'll get, my lady, will be the same as the Suffragettes are getting just now—a frog-march to the police-station and forcible feeding through the nose! Do you a bit of good after the life you've been leading out there in Monte Carlo."

Rachel rose, and languidly crossed the room. "I'm going to bed, John. I'll leave you to deal with this old haridan. I'd like some hot water sent up, please—a big can full. I want a bath!"

Deborah dropped her knitting and sprang to her feet. For a moment she looked as if she were going to lose her temper. But she controlled herself with an effort.

"The only bath you'll get will be in prison! And they tell me they use kitchen soap and a scrubbing-brush there."

The door closed with a bang. Mother and son were left alone.

"Sit down!" Deborah said curtly.

John, *alias* Robert, obeyed.

"Now, listen to me, and I'll tell you what's happened. Don't interrupt, don't make excuses. You're in a hole. You're cornered. If you want to avoid prison you'll have to obey me."

Coldly, quietly, Deborah told him all that had happened. And John listened. When she had finished he walked up and down the room. There was something rather reminiscent of his mother in the way he moved now. He was cornered, and he knew it.

"This comes of obeying you!" he growled. "You suggested that I should impersonate my brother. Why didn't you tell me before that he was married? Of course I didn't know. A nice sort of blackguard he must have been," John continued. "Hope you realise what you've done, mother; you have ruined my life, and the life of an innocent woman."

"Innocent! Fiddlesticks!" Deborah snapped. "She's anybody's money. You'll get rid of her, change your name, lie low for a few months, then go back to Australia. It's true your brother was a blackguard—so are you, John. And so was your father. Oh, yes, you start and look surprised. I've lived in this house all my life with a lie. Lived on dreams that never came true. All the Kirkes are wrong, rotten to the core! You can't help yourself! The sins of the fathers—"

John moistened his lips.

"I'm not going back to Australia," he said doggedly.

"I'm not going back to Australia. I'm not going to give up Rachel. She's my legal wife. Suppose I was arrested on the charge of bigamy, I can easily prove I'm not Robert, then they can't touch me."

Deborah laid a shaking hand on his shoulder.

"What about the impersonation? What about the money you obtained under false pretences?"

John Kirke swore under his breath.

"You lured me into it! You're as much to blame as I am."

"You took the money. And you have kept it. I suppose you know to whom it rightly belongs? To Joan Kirke, your wife."

"Joan Kirke—my wife?"

"Yes, as long as you pose as Robert. She is probably searching for you now. It is pretty certain that the man who wanted to marry her, and was cheated of her at the altar, Philip Derwent, will be looking for you." She laughed. "I don't envy you if he finds you!"

Beads of perspiration stood out on John's forehead now. His face was white. He made no attempt to hide his fear.

There was a long silence. "I'd—I'd better own up, hadn't I? Perhaps if I was to see this woman, Joan, and confess, she wouldn't take any steps. Give her the money back."

"There is some left, then?"

"Of course. We haven't spent much. It's true I'm cornered." He turned on his mother furiously. "You got me into this mess; you must get me out of it. Do you hear? What am I to do?"

"Obey me. We are starting to-morrow for Ivy Farm, in Buckinghamshire."

A sound from the room overhead attracted John's attention.

"What about Rachel? I can't give her up, mother. I won't give her up. I love her!"

Deborah shrugged her shoulders. She lit the bedroom candle.

"She can come with us if she likes. I shall feel safer if I've got my eye on her. But she'll have to leave her French fripperies behind; she'll have to do as I tell her. And there won't be any caviare or champagne; just bread-and-cheese—and hard work!"

The next morning Deborah and her son, together with his wife, found themselves in a third-class carriage on the Great Western Railway, bound for the little village of Haddington, in Buckinghamshire. John sat in one corner sulking behind a newspaper, obviously still frightened and ill at ease. Rachel and Deborah sat facing one another.

And each woman was wondering how she could most easily get rid of the other. And in the heart of one was—death!

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

RESULT OF SCOTTISH FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 11.

In a P. W. dated March 15 two pairs of tickets for the Scottish International at London were offered to readers domiciled in Scotland for the best Football Tripshots on GREENOCK MORTON. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

GREENOCK MORTON: "Eileen Elusive Grasshoppers." Sent by J. M. Whyte, 1 Doune Quadrant, Kelvin side, Glasgow, who nominated G. R. Cairns, 556 Byres Road, Hillhead, Glasgow.

GREENOCK MORTON: "Ratepayers mostly Gate-payers."

Sent by William Stewart, 17 Fife Avenue, Cardonald, Glasgow who nominated John Harrows, 21 Paisley Road, Renfrew.

—For the ten best answers I will give Bluebird Brooches. Mark postcards "Milk." (See page 1070.)

TOO PRETTY BY HALF.

Some Real Life Tragedies Which Show that Good Looks Can be Dangerous.

Ask a girl what fairy's gift she would prefer—health, wealth, long life, goodness, or beauty; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she will unhesitatingly plump for beauty. Looks mean so much to a woman that to most people it seems absurd to talk of the possibility of being too beautiful.

Yet only the other day, in a case in court, a well-known barrister mentioned an instance in which beauty brought trouble to its possessor and to her people. This was that of a London restaurant-keeper, whose daughter was so exceedingly lovely that great crowds collected to see her, completely upsetting the business of the restaurant and deeply embarrassing both the girl and her father. The end of it was that the young lady had to be packed off into the country.

About two years ago a firm of dressmakers in the West End tried the experiment of collecting a number of pretty girls and putting them in the new dresses in their window, in place of the usual wax models. In less than an hour the street was blocked, the police had to interfere, and the proprietors were obliged to dispense with their charming dummies.

Looks That Lost a Husband.

There is at least one case on record of beauty being the means of losing a husband instead of winning one. The story comes from Genoa. Signorina de Fiato of that city was so exquisitely lovely that crowds followed her in the streets. A wealthy and altogether desirable young man fell in love with her, and they became engaged.

One day, a photographer named Ricci came to Miss de Fiato, and begged to be allowed to take her photograph. He offered a considerable sum if he might be allowed to sell her likeness on picture postcards. The lady consented, and when her lover, who had been away in Rome on business, returned, he found the pictures in every window. He was so disgusted that he at once broke off the engagement. She sued for breach of promise, but lost her case, and had to pay costs.

Blown to Bits by a Rival.

Extreme beauty is naturally the cause of jealousy, and jealousy has unpleasant ways of manifesting itself. The tragedy of Mrs. Helen Taylor is a case in point. She was a widow famous for her beauty, and was rumoured to be engaged to be married to a very wealthy man who had jilted a girl for her sake.

One afternoon a messenger delivered a parcel at Mrs. Taylor's house. As she opened it, there was a terrific explosion and she fell dying, dreadfully mutilated. The perpetrator of the crime, a harmless-looking draughtsman, has just confessed on his deathbed to sending the bomb because Mrs. Taylor rejected his advances.

Jealousy is not confined to the weaker sex. In the commonplace surroundings of a suburban chemist's shop the Parisian police recently unearthed a drama of jealousy on the part of a husband which has no rival even in France.

Kept His Wife Chained Up.

Parab, the chemist, had married an extremely pretty girl. He was jealous to begin with, but as time went on he grew worse. He could not bear that his wife should speak to, or even look at, another man. First, he forbade her to leave the house, and finally he resorted to strait waistcoats and chains in order to keep her a prisoner.

At last the unfortunate woman managed to get word to her sister, and the police broke in. They found her in her bedroom, chained with strong steel chains to the wall.

Business firms have often cause to complain of the fair employees being too pretty. It is not only that a pretty girl distracts the attention of men in the shop or the works. The worst trouble, so far as the firm is concerned, arises when one of these pretty girls is injured in the course of her work and claims compensation. They declare that beauty in distress causes juries to be far too merciful.

Facts seem to prove their contention. Only the other day a pretty girl who had lost part of her arm in a machinery accident was awarded £2,200. Another, who complained of shock to nerves from an explosion, received £400, while a third, who was bitten on the cheek by a dog, was awarded £240 damages against the owner.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BUSINESS?

An Article for All Engaged in Business.

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may, at first glance, seem an insult.

Such a one would answer in an off-handed sort of way: "Why, I am in Business. I am a Business Man. I know all about Business, or I ought to do so."

Ay, there's the rub! He ought to do. But does he?

Let me put the same question to you.

How much do you know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception, you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet, without this Business knowledge your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it there is no position you cannot aspire to.

Now, what do you know about business?

For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business, or calling? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet these things are Business knowledge.

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Now, what are you to do?

You must get the Business Encyclopædia.

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life, or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition.

TWO OPINIONS.

Messrs. J. S. FRY & SONS Limited, Bristol:

"The volumes have already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is THE work par excellence for every business man to possess."

Mr. L. C. HORSLEY, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:

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Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the illustrated book describing the "Business Encyclopædia," and showing how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

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Many musically inclined people have hitherto been deterred from taking music up seriously by the expense and inconvenience of taking lessons from a music master. To such people the publication of "The Musical Educator" comes as a great boon. For "The Musical Educator" provides in compact and interesting form a complete and systematic education in music. It is written throughout by experts and is an authoritative guide to everything relating to music and singing. The illustrations are particularly valuable; they portray the different instruments, attitudes in playing, etc., and include five beautiful frontispieces and reproductions of valuable photographs.

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DAINTY DISHES.

Some Simple Dishes Popular Abroad.
Stewed Roast Beef (a favourite dish in Turkey).

Take any cold roast beef and cut it into small dice then put it into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir over the fire till the meat is brown, then add half a cupful of stock, four tablespoonfuls of good tomato ketchup, a sliced onion, a minced chilli, salt, and a pinch of black pepper. Mix well, cover the saucepan closely, and simmer very gently for twenty minutes. Serve with a border of rice.

Flemish Salad.

Take a pickled herring, remove all skin and bone, and chop it finely, then add two cold boiled potatoes cut into dice, a small sour apple, peeled, cored, and cut into small dice, a little cooked cauliflower, a small quantity of heart of celery, and a few slices of beetroot cut into thin strips. Season with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar and mix carefully in a salad bowl.

French Rolls.

Take one quart of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sieve them together. Then melt one ounce of butter and stir it into a pint of milk. Mix this with the flour and form into a smooth dough. Knead on a floured board and divide into pieces about the size of an egg. Form into short, thick, little rolls tapering at the ends, brush with milk, and bake on a flat, greased tin.

Prigadeila (a South African dish).

Soak two thick slices of bread in milk, squeeze out any superfluous milk, and beat the bread with a fork. Rub two tomatoes through a fine sieve and mix this pulp with the bread; add half a pound of finely-chopped mutton and a small onion, minced. Add a scraping of nutmeg and pepper and salt to taste; then stir into the mixture one lightly-beaten egg. Shape the mixture into small rissoles, roll in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat. When well-browned put them into three-quarters of a pint of curry sauce and stew gently for half an hour.

Fish Kloof (an Australian dish).

Take an ounce of bacon and mince it finely with one small onion, and fry in butter till cooked. Then stir into the pan an ounce of flour and a quarter of a pint of milk, and allow the whole to boil gently for five minutes. Flake up about half a pound of the remains of any cold fish, season it with pepper and salt, and stir into it one well-beaten egg. Add this to the mixture already in the pan, stir well, but do not cook. Spread the mixture out flat upon a dish, and when quite cold form into small balls. Poach these for five or six minutes in boiling water or fish stock. Serve with anchovy sauce.

A HINT ABOUT SUGAR.

The late Sir Henry Thompson, one of the greatest authorities on diet, wrote: "It is scarcely sufficiently known that sugar is a very valuable food where much muscular exercise is taken and much bodily labour performed. Especially in adults who are becoming exhausted with labour, sugar may be taken largely, with the effect of rapidly affording a fresh supply of power." By far the best sugar in the world is grape-sugar. That is the kind which nourishes and sustains the body; is easily digested, and in every way beneficial. This invaluable substance is found in the Currant. In fact, Currants are nearly all grape-sugar, and that is why they are so good for the health. Those who lead an open-air life should make a point of eating plenty of Currants. Whether raw or cooked is immaterial, but, as Sir Henry Thompson unmistakably indicated, sugar is a provider of power, and should be used by all in need of nourishment. Common sense dictates the use of the best and most palatable form of sugar, which is undoubtedly the Currant. The Christmas pudding, mince pie, Eccles cake, and many other delicacies owe their perfect flavour to the presence of Currants. Try this recipe:

Currant Marzipan

White of one egg, 4 oz. icing sugar, 3 oz. ground almonds, almond flavouring, 2 oz. currants, colouring.

METHOD.—Beat the white of egg a little, add sugar (sifted), almonds, essence and currants. Make into a stiff dry paste, work in a little red or green colouring, roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick and cut into cubes.

The Little Dressmaker



Tells You How to Do Up Last Year's Coat.

SEVERAL ladies have written to me saying that they would like to know something about doing up last year's jackets.

There are several things which may very likely need attention. First you must see to the collar and cuffs, as these are nearly sure to be a little soiled or shabby.

I do not think that it is very much good for an inexperienced dressmaker to try and put on a new collar on a coat, for it never goes right and always has a sort of home-made look. Besides, the lining and stiffening of a collar is a very troublesome thing to do, and there is really no need to worry yourself about it now that you can buy those nice fancy collars of Broderie Anglaise or silk all ready-made.

I am sure you know the things I mean. The Broderie Anglaise sets of collar and cuffs cost from 2s. 6d. upwards, and the silk and brocade ones are more, according to the kind of stuff used.

Pick your old collar and cuffs carefully off your coat, and bind the raw edges with Prussian binding. Now while the coat is quite plain, it is a good chance for you to do a bit of pressing and mending to it. See that no stitches are run out in the seams. Clean off any spots carefully with ammonia, and then give the whole thing a good pressing with a hot iron used over a damp cloth.

If the stuff turns at all shiny, you can make it quite right again by rubbing it with a piece of very fine sand-paper, which will roughen it up a little. You must not rub it hard or you will wear holes in the stuff. Just pass the sand-paper gently once or twice over the surface.



Diagram 2.
Tack or pin a new Broderie Anglaise collar to the binding.

If the buttonholes are at all worn, you must cast them round again with new silk, taking care to draw them up tightly at the ends so that they do not gape. I expect you will want new buttons too, as shabby buttons spoil the look of a garment so very much.

When all this is done, you will be ready to pin or tack your new collar into place.

When you are buying the new collar, take the old one along with you and compare them one with another on the counter, in order to make sure that both are the same size.

These made-up collars vary a good deal in length, and it is a great pity to have one which is too large or too small, when, by taking a little trouble you can so easily get the right size.

In this week's "Home Notes" I tell you how to make a smart summer coat.

Your Respectful Friend,

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

A PUPPY FOR A PRIZE.

THERE is no nicer, jollier pet to be had anywhere than a good dog, but the cost of a pure-bred animal is unfortunately too great for most people to afford. All dog lovers will therefore welcome the news that this week HOME NOTES is offering as first prize in an easy competition a handsome pedigree puppy from the West Highlands.

A picture of the jolly little dog appears on this week's cover, and directly you see it you will certainly fall violently in love with him. Buy a copy of HOME NOTES, which will only cost you a penny. You'll find all particulars of the competition inside the number, which is dated April 12th.

HOME HINTS.

When Cleaning Windows

Add a few drops of ammonia to the water. This will answer better than soap.

To Mince Cold Meat,

When no mincing machine is available, rub it over a penny suet grater. This will answer the purpose quite well.

To Prevent Copper Utensils from Tarnishing,

Clean them with equal quantities of sand, flour and salt mixed with vinegar. Rinse in hot water, and polish with dry whitening.

To Remove Typewriting Ink Stains,

Soak the inked place in turpentine for twenty-four hours, then pour boiling soda water on it and rinse. When dry, the stains will have disappeared.

Mason's Dust,

Used instead of hearthstone for cleaning steps and hearths, will save time and trouble. It is cheap, dries a good colour, and lasts clean much longer.

To Clean and Soften Black Kid Boots or Gloves,

Put the gloves on the hands and rub into them as much camphorated oil as the kid will absorb, then allow to dry. For boots, rub the oil well into the kid with a small sponge.

A Marmalade Hint.

When making marmalade, grate the oranges on a suet scraper. This saves the trouble of cutting up the peel.—(For this hint a pair of scissors has been awarded to Miss G. Weller, Rose Cottage, Hazells, Southfleet, Kent.)

To Clean a White Straw Hat,

Place a tablespoonful of ammonia in two quarts of boiling water. Brush the hat, then dip it in this solution, sprinkle with sulphur, then scrub a nailbrush and scrub the hat, dipping the brush constantly in the water. Rinse in tepid water, and dry.

Two House-Cleaning Hints.

To Remove Grease-spots from Wall-paper,

Rub gently with a cloth dipped in spirits of wine.

To Remove Inkstains from a Carpet or Table-cloth,

Sprinkle immediately with salt; allow this to soak up the ink, then brush off and apply more salt.

Three Renovation Hints.

To Renovate an Old Black Straw Hat,

Sprinkle a few drops of olive-oil on an old nailbrush and rub well into the straw. Place to dry where no dust can settle upon it.

To Clean and Remove Stains from Brown Boots,

Brush off all dust and mud, then rub with a soft flannel dipped in petrol. Polish in the usual way.

To Freshen an Old Black Veil,

Make some very deep blue water and dip the veil into it. Then squeeze gently and roll in a cloth. Iron before quite dry with a moderately hot iron, placing a thin muslin over the veil. Black lace can be renovated in the same way.

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DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

Mr. John Morris, of 75 Cemetery Road, Trearlaw, Rhonda, Glam., writes: "As the after effects of pneumonia, for ten long months I suffered severe heart pains, I felt wearied and tired, and life was quite a burden. I lost my appetite and began to waste away; my nerves were terribly run down, and I was confined to my bed for some time. I tried many so-called remedies, but nothing did me any good, and quite certain it is if I had not taken Dr. Cassell's Tablets I should not now be alive. After the first few doses I could sleep better—my appetite improved, the heart pains vanished, and in a few weeks I was able to resume my employment." Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a revelation to those suffering from nerve and organic weakness, digestive and kidney troubles, and all diseases arising from nerve and physical debility. Price 10s. 6d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. at all chemists. A free sample box sent on receipt of 2d. for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., 418 Chester Road, Manchester.

Any reader who sends us an acceptable paragraph or hint for this page will receive a handsome pair of Scissors.



A Woman should look after her looks.

It is pitiful to see how women lose their good looks when they are burdened with domestic worries. Other causes may be blamed, but if the housewife will analyse her "done up" condition on cleaning day, she will find the reason is mainly wondering how to get and keep the floors clean without scrubbing-brush labour, or "beating" and brushing carpet troubles. Floor scrubbing means kneeling, bending the shoulders, and fatiguing arm work; headache, backache, or sprained wrist or arm are some of the troubles that follow, and remember these troubles so called can be easily avoided. Every woman ought to protect her health and appearance. One of the best ways to do it is to have the floors covered with Catesbys Cork Lino: IT NEEDS NO SCRUBBING! Gathers no dust! Because of this unique quality the housewife is emancipated from domestic drudgery. Write for samples and patterns of Catesbys Cork Lino now, and you can immediately experience the great benefit it confers. Our Lino can be bought on Easy Terms, without giving reference or security, or we allow 2s. in the £ discount for cash. Whichever way you buy we pay carriage.

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ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.—A book setting forth the simple style full and accurate direction for the due observance of modern modes and manners for men, is "Etiquette for Men," by G. B. M. Devereux. It may be had, post free, for 12 from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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BABY CARS direct from factory on approval; carriage paid; we save you 5s. in the £; cash or easy payments from 4s. monthly. Wonderful value. Send today. K. applied, no electricity sent. Post free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 63), Coventry.

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BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% buying from Factory direct. **AGENTS WANTED.** Write for list, particulars. British Boot Co. (62), Portland Square, Bristol.

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I STUDY THE JUDGES AND THEIR AWARDS.—"Middles," "Heads or Tails," etc. FREE. Stamped addressed envelope, 12s. 6d. on wine. Patrick O'Brien, 64 Somerset Road, Farnborough, Hants.

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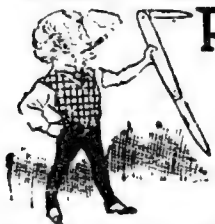
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BRITAIN'S DANGER.

As we go to press with this number, the news has just come over the wires from Berlin that Germany has decided to spend £7,000,000 on her air fleet. The amount to be spent for the same purpose by Great Britain is £350,000. This perturbing fact can have only one meaning—that our air fleet is wholly inadequate for even defensive purposes in the deplorable event of war.

We are not scaremongers, but we wish you to realise the danger to the Empire, by portraying, in the form of fiction, what, unfortunately, may one day be fact. Our remarkable story, 'The Terror by Night,' has created a large amount of interest not only in this country but in Germany. The author of the story has not exaggerated in the slightest the danger we are in, and every thinking person who reads this week's instalment will realise how grave the menace is to our national safety.

Readers will vividly realise how terrible war would be when they read in a coming instalment the description of how the German air-ships flew over a football ground and dropped bombs amongst the tens of thousands of spectators.

A "MIDDLES" QUERY.

H. J. H. writes: "As a frequent trier for your 'Middles' prizes, I should like to see one point cleared up which has puzzled me for some time. Rule No. 6 states that we may write two 'Middles,' on each entry form. Must we use the same word for the two 'Middles,' or may we make them from two different words? I take the latter view, as there is nothing in the rules to the contrary, but it would be more satisfactory to know whether it is correct or not."

Of course it would, H. J. H. I thought the rules were quite clear on the subject. You may use two different words or phrases on one form, making a "Middle" from each word or phrase. You can, of course, send in two "Middles" on the same word, but you are not bound to do so. For instance, from this week's list of "Middles" words you could use the words EGGS and ABSURD, say on one form, if you like. Is that clear? You will find more entry forms on page 1072!

THERE WAS A YOUNG OARSMAN, AND HE—
A good many of my readers are very fond of doing Limericks, and for this reason I offered five Solid Silver Watches in a recent Footline contest for the best five Limericks beginning "There was a young oarsman, and he"—

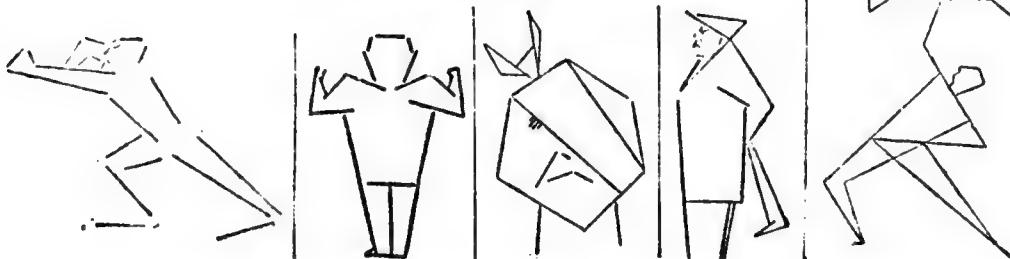
Owing to lack of space, I am only able to quote the two following verses:—

There was a young oarsman, and he
Wished to wed, but the girl, wily, she
Said: "Your skill I adore
When you 'feather an oar';
Can you 'feather a nest,' dear, for me?"

There was a young oarsman, and he
Told his girl as they rowed on the sea,
If they entered a "lock,"
It would give her a shock.
"If its wedlock, I'll bear it!" said she.

OUR FIGHTING EDITOR—

—Drawn in twenty-five straight lines by footline competitors.
(Results of Footline Contests appear on page 1059.)



Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

"MIDDLES" COMPETITOR AND SCISSORS.
"Why is a pair of scissors like a 'Middles' competitor?" was a "Footline" question which the ladies were invited to answer.
A large entry was received, and, judging by the smart replies, it appears that no problem is too hard for them to answer.

One reply to the question was:—
"Because the first attains its object by 'severance,' the second by 'perseverance.'"

Another very clever answer was in these words:—
"Because they require to be not only sharp at the 'middle,' but also up to the point."

While a third read:—
"With each 'it's a dead snip' if you're a 'cut' above the ordinary."

The results of "Footline" contests appear on page 1059.

"QUIT RENT" WINS CIGARS.

MOST of my readers will remember that popular column, "Knowledge Tests," explaining each week common words and phrases that appear in one's daily paper. W. E. D. writes: "I have to thank you doubly for your 'Knowledge Tests' column. Recently you asked for an explanation of 'Quit Rent,' and four of us had a fierce argument as to the correct meaning of it. To decide this we agreed to write our explanations on slips of paper, seal them up, and appoint a referee to decide which was the most nearly correct when you gave your award. I am pleased to say that I won a box of cigars, giving the nearest explanation to the one you published."

Instead of sealing up your explanation, W. E. D., why didn't you send it in? Still, you will want something to cut off the ends of the cigars, and I cannot recommend anything better than one of our famous penknives. By the way, "Knowledge Tests" have been published in book form under the title of "Everyday Phrases Explained." You can obtain it from this office, post free, 1s. 3d. It gives an explanation of a large number of common words and phrases which do not appear in most books of reference.

CUP FINAL GROUND.

QUITE a number of people have written and asked me the same question as J. B. Here is his letter: "In the north of England there is a great deal of argument whether the Crystal Palace Club actually play their league matches on the same pitch as that on which the Cup Final is played. Can you settle the argument once and for all?"

Certainly, J. B. The ground chosen for the Cup Final is exactly the same as that on which the Crystal Palace Club play their matches throughout the season. If the Crystal Palace Club were in the Final, their opponents would probably strongly object to playing at the Palace. In that case the match would most likely be played at Chelsea or the Stadium.

THEN HE'LL GET MARRIED!

G. B. has won an electric hand-lamp. "Both my sweetheart and myself are ardent Pearsonites," he writes; "and when she saw my name as a prize-winner, she said: 'That's your reward for perseverance. Hurry up, and win a big prize, and then we'll get—' She stopped and blushed and looked very pretty, Mr. Editor! But I can guess what she was going to say, so I am redoubling my efforts and I intend to take her advice to 'Stick to it till I get there!'"

And I am sure that you have my best wishes for winning the big prize, G. B. Nothing would give Mr. P. Doubley greater pleasure than to bring you the news that you need wait no longer for that little home!

YOUR MAGIC RED BOX.

WILL the readers who kindly consented to fill a Lent Savings' Box for the benefit of the slum kiddies now send the contents—in the form of a postal order—to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.?

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, April 15th.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

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We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY	INSURANCE.
£100 RAILWAY	
£100 CYCLING	
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(For terms see below.)

505 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID.

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims at £1,000 each—not for one only. £1,000 specially insured by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days of the above accident.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed in an accident in Great Britain or Ireland while travelling as a passenger (including post-office servant on railway sorting van), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the bottom. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a student, nor engaged in any illegal act, having the current number of the *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three calendar months of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, provided that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he or she shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in any illegal act, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Printed Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-monthly subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....

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Ask for the

NEW CHOCOLATED CLARNICO LILY CARAMELS.

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See the name Clarnico on the bottom of each piece.

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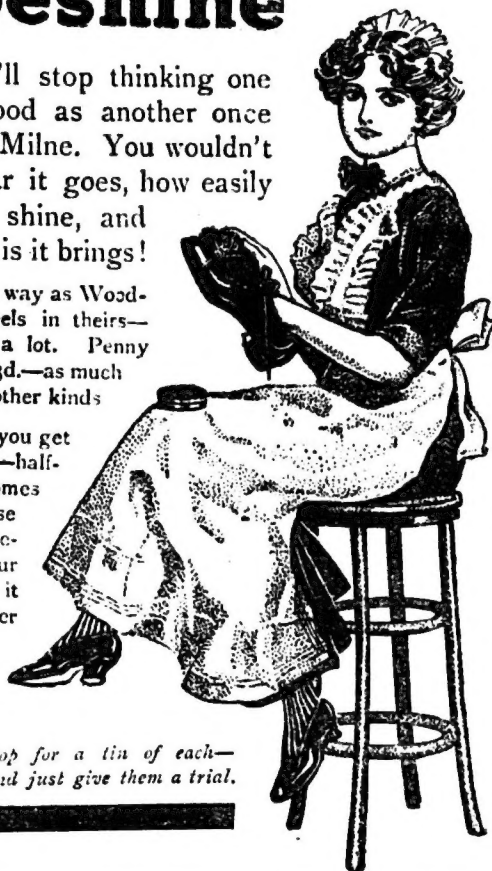
WOOD-MILNE Shoeshine

My dear, you'll stop thinking one
polish is as good as another once
you try Wood-Milne. You wouldn't
believe how far it goes, how easily
it brings the shine, and
what a shine it is it brings!

It's as good in its way as Wood-
Milne Rubber Heels in theirs—
and that's saying a lot. Penny
tins if you like—or 3d.—as much
for 3d. as for 4½d. other kinds

If there's many of you get
the 1/- Family Tin—half-
a-pound—that comes
cheapest of all. Use
Wood-Milne Shoeshine even for your
daintiest shoes; it
does the leather
nothing but good
—mind you use
it regularly—
that's the thing.

Ask at your bootshop for a tin of each—
black and brown—and just give them a trial.



GREENS Lawn Mowers & Rollers



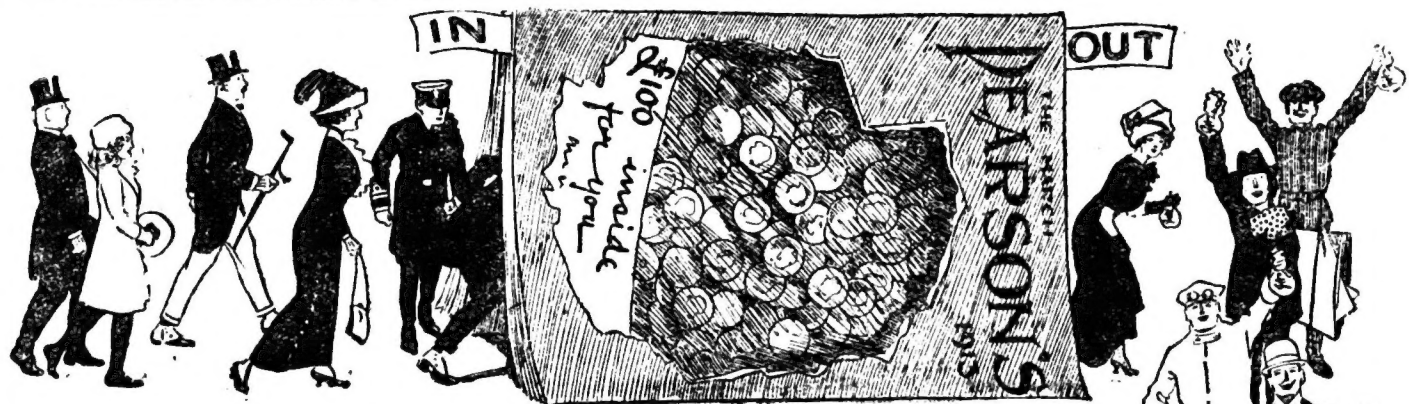
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The competitors went in one by one—and what did they find inside?

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£100 INSIDE FOR YOU
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!

ONE hundred golden sovereigns. What would you do
with them? Think of all the things that you want and
that you cannot afford. The longed-for holiday abroad,
perhaps, seeing all the places that you have read about but
have never been able to visit; a motor-bicycle; better
schooling for your children; some addition to your garden
or your house; the list is endless and varied according to
individual tastes.

What a triumph a hundred pounds would be to most of
us. And yet this considerable sum is offered to you in an
entertaining, and simple competition.

You are not only given the chance of winning £100; you
are asked to exercise your judgment in a novel and inter-
esting way. There is no need to dwell here on the vast
strides that have been made by advertising in the past
fifteen years; that is an accepted fact. Advertising has
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happens that the most attractive advertisement fails in its
purpose—that is, to make you buy the goods the advertiser
has to sell.

To make a change from the more stereotyped forms of

competition, readers—who undoubtedly must be the best
judges—are asked to decide the best type of advertisement.

£100 will be awarded to the reader who succeeds in
selecting the best three advertisements appearing in the
advertising pages of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE during the
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places these three advertisements in their correct order of
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To the first five competitors whose attempts rank next in
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Full particulars, rules, and voting paper will be found in
the April PEARSON'S.



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MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 61.

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLEB." NO. 61.

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 57.

has been divided by the following three competitors. They each receive £100

THE SECOND PRIZE OF £50

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has been awarded to:
WILLIAM LITTLEWOOD, Rosebank, Brandon Road, Southsea,
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700 PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

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 Anderson, J., 19 Victoria St., Dunbar.
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 Arnold, A., 223 Alice St., Shields.
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 Balfour, J. W., 94 Bell St., Hefley-on-Thames.
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 Barker, A. A., Elcknam Lane, Leeds.

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Baxter, M. F., 18 Alton Rd., Plymouth.
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Bentley, M. A., Bockleton, Tenbury, Worcs.
Bickle, M. H., Newmore Farm, Launceston.
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Birrell, C. W., 24 Salisbury Rd., Wigan.
Bishop, C. W., St. Leonard, Rd., Windsor.
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Blacow, R., Manchester Rd., H. Ince, Wigan.

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 Edelman, J., Hilliers St., Leamington Spa.
 Bonehill, Wm., Wyndham St., Cliffton Goch,
 Bredgend.
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 Boot, J., 66 Benstead Rd., Walford.
 Booth, Mrs. M., Tanners House, Rambsbottom.
 Booth, W., Christville, Alland St., Motherwell.
 Boston, Miss M., Ivy Bank, Slaley Rd., Birke-
 ley.
 Bowden, Mrs. A., Hazel Grove, Torkington.
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 Bowen, A. W., Lythanger, Liss.
 Bowker, E. H., 24 Pym St., Heywood.
 Bowman, J., 4 Agnes St., Belfast.
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 Buchan, A., 31 Andrew St., Silvertown, E.
 Buckley, A., 50 Dean Lane, Watford.
 Bull, A., 50 Clifton Rd., St. Norwood, S.E.
 Buller, Mrs. P., Highbarrow Rd., Addiscombe
 Croydon.
 Burnett, Miss M., West View, The Park,
 Barnsley.
 Burt, J., Braeide House, East Wemyss, Fife.
 Burtenshaw, J., 50 Upper Thames St., E.C.
 Burtenshaw, F., South Lodge, Buckhurst Park, Acot.
 Butler, Ch., 71 Barkley Rd., Rawtenstall.
 Byas, Mrs. V., Warrnor House Hotel, St.
 Leonards-on-Sea.
 Callender, G. E., 11 West Raby St., Darlington.
 Campbell, J. B., Anchor Church Works, Pro-
 vancehill, Glasgow.
 Candeland, H., 85 Raffles Rd., Birkenhead.
 Cann, W., 5 Southdown, Mulberry Plymouth.
 Carmichael, L., Waterville Co., Kerry.
 Carr, Clara E., 61 Belmore Rd., Shirely.
 Carrick, J., 14 Fellows St., Middlebrough.

Carter, C., 14 Stradbroke Rd., S. E. 10th Rd.
Cartledge, W., 19 Baskette, Lanch.
Cash, T., 37th Battery R.A.F., Kidder.
Castle, J., Turner's Lane, Stockport.
Castleton, L., 37 Pembroke Rd., E. 10th.
Ceely, G., Employed, 205 Whitechapel Rd., E.
Chater, J. W., 168 Wallace Rd., Sheffield.
Chalmers, D., Sunnybras, Darnbrook, Glouc.
Champion, W., Middle Row, Worcester.
Chapman, J. E., 11 Clarendon, G.E.R., Rom.
Chappell, P. H., Lr. Hill St., Stourbridge.
Chastelain, Mrs. A., 12 Jephtha Rd., Wandsworth, S.W.
Childers, F. G., Thorpe Abbots, Scole, Notts.
Chipp, G., 2 Spring Gardens, West Oxon, Oxon.
Churcher, E., Grammar School, Henfield.
Clacy, H. L., Station Hotel, E. 10th.
Claydon, J., 12 Clarendon Rd., Dander.
Clark, C. 43 Goldsmith Rd., King's Head.
Clark, A. T., Abbotbury Rd., Westham, W. P. mouth.
Clarke, R., 159 Buckland A. c. Dover.
Cleaver, W. H., 71 York St., Rugby.
Clausoff, J., Gloster Villa, Hazeled.
Clucas, Ida, 10, Park North, G. 10th.
Cobbs, J., 191, Fern St., E. 10th.
Cochrane, M. R., Bloomfield, U. 10th.
Colbert, Mr., 3 Rock Terrace, Mansfield.
Coleman, Mrs. S., 1 Ellerslie St., Yorker.
Collett, S. J., Rodboro' Ave., Strand.
Collin, J., 44 Mt. Pleasant, Crook.
Collins, W. J., Cowper Gdns., Durin.
Cooper, H. E., 13 King's T. Wincob.
Cowley, J., 37 Denton Gardens, Wincob.
Cox, J. J., Mathew House, Ballinmole.
Cradcock, Mrs. C., Relinque Rd., L. S. 10th.
Craven, T., 34 Bedford St., Moss S. d.
Cliphams, A., 93 Caistor Park Rd., Strat.
Cree, W. R., 48 Mount Stuart, Glouc.
Croft, C. R., 43 Victoria Ave., York Rd., 10th.
Crook, Miss K., 29 Stanley Ave., Brack.
Crosby, G., 12 St. John's St., Wincob.
Cross, F., 6 Cintra Terrace, U. 10th.
Crawley, F. S., 9 St. Andrew St., Edinb.
Crowthier, J. W., 3 Berkeley St., Bursfield.
Cruse, P., 9 Shirley Rd., S. 10th.
Cunningham, W., Thistle Cottage, K. 10th.
Prestwick.
Curlis, Mrs. T. M., 8th Lancers, Tide.
Cuthbert, J., 5 Eden St., Baxter Pk., Durin.
(Remainder of names omitted owing to lack of space. A complete list can, however, be seen at the offices of "Pearson's Weekly.")

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FIRGOOD STILL LEADING

£1,050

3 UNDIVIDED FIRST PRIZES.

- £500** "Weekly Dispatch," February 9th, 1913.
"A Good Conscience—Austere Dictator Ever."
- £350** "Answers" Undivided First Prize.
"Wonderful—Wireless Telegraphy's Leap."
- £200** "Answers" Undivided First Prize.
"Half Brick—Bagpipe-learner's Honorarium."

Proofs, publicly given, are a safeguard for you—a new
 because they show that you will be dealing with a solutionist
 already knows and supplies the kind of lines required to win
 of Big Prizes.

On the other hand, if you deal with one who gives no proper proofs
 Wins already obtained, what possibility is there that you will be
 elient to get a big prize? You cannot even be confident that he
 how to write big prize winners.

by the proofs, **REAL PROOFS**, publicly given.

What I have done before I shall do again, and there is no reason why
YOU should not be one of the next to obtain a fortune with one
 solutions.

TERMS for all Solutions: 4 for 1s.

PRIZE-WINNING SPECIALS (similar to my £350 and £500 Winners),
 1s.; 4 for 1s. 6d.; 8 for 3s. Monthly Terms: 2 weekly, 3s.; 4 weekly,
 6d.; 6 weekly, 8s.; 8 weekly, 10s. Enclose sufficient stamped addresses
 10 per cent. commission on prizes over £1.

F. FAIRGOOD, 117 Kirkwood Rd., Peckham.

FREE SOLUTIONS. FREE SOLUTIONS.

£1000 WON

Advertiser, whose efforts have been responsible for over £1,000 in prizes
 during the past two months, wishes to correspond with a few more persons
 who can appreciate solutions of a first-class nature. Those prepared to act
 reasonably after results, send stamped addressed envelope for two excep-
 tionally smart solutions **free of charge** for any current competition.—Address,

R. HARTWELL, "Cranbrook," Leytonstone, LONDON.

**4 SPECIAL EFFORTS
FREE**

THE COMPETITORS' AID AGENCY,

A bona-fide organisation promoted to aid, advise and protect competitors free of charge,
 now invites any competitor anxious for success to send stamped address for

4 SPECIAL EFFORTS FREE!

The C.A.A. was founded with high ideals by a Journalist of recognised ability, a literary expert of long
 competition experience, and a well-known newspaper's special Commissioner.

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FREE AID.—The C.A.A.'s chief object is to provide competitors **FREE** with the necessary
 efforts or pretending to supply them free, but hitherto no public spirited body has offered assistance
 absolutely free. The C.A.A. now does so!

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 and hints **without charge.**

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 punish is just commencing against all local solutionists. The Competition
 world must be cleared of these pests, and the C.A.A. is conducting

A HUGO REFERENDUM SCHEME

In order to obtain the views of the public on this urgent matter.

Full particulars of the C.A.A.'s magnificent aims, objects, and campaigns
 are contained in the C.A.A.'s Prospectus. This will be sent gratis with

4 SPECIAL FREE EFFORTS

for which you should send a stamped address to-day to
C.A.A. (Section C), 31 REPLINGHAM RD., SOUTHFIELDS, LONDON.

**5 GRAND
PRIZES**

Won by BURDETT in One Week!

£500 will be presented to any person proving that I did not
 supply the successful lines to the following prizewinners:—

Mr. A. E. WORSLEY, 1 Ash Street, Andenshaw (Bounties No. 6).

Read this gentleman's glowing praise:—"The efforts you send me do not do me any harm. They are equal to
 what you state in your advertisements and have done for me what no other solutions have done, namely,
 made me a winner. Your solutions this week are exceptionally fine—in fact, I like them all. I feel sure
 the public can place implicit confidence in you."

Mr. W. MASKELL, 6 New High Street, Farnboro' (Finals No. 151).

The following three prizewinners **WON WITH MY FREE EFFORTS**:—

Mr. E. R. WILLINGHAM, 9 Beatrice Street, Oxenhope (Middles No. 55).

Mr. C. W. THOMPSON, "Holm View," Blakeney (Middles No. 55).

Mr. A. H. S., Birmingham (full name, &c., not sanctioned) (Bounties No. 6).

What a stupendous record! Think of it—**not 5 prizes in 5 years, but 5 BRILLIANT TRIUMPHS IN ONE
 WEEK** (not including several small prizewinners who do not wish their success advertised). I feel
 particularly, winning lines, &c., and a budget of testimonials guaranteed genuine under a penalty of £1,000.
 will be sent together with

FREE

Trial Prizewinning Solutions (any competition) upon receipt
 of stamped addressed envelope. Do not hesitate when
 only a 1d. stamp stands between you and success.

MAX BURDETT (Dept. 13), 9 Pirbright Rd., Wandsworth, LONDON.

**With the 96-page
GOLDEN EDITION of
"WITTY-BITS"**

Post Free, plain parcel, 12.

This week I will send **FREE 4 Really Brilliant, Witty, and Original Ideas** for
'PEARSON'S WEEKLY' Middles, 4 witty Ideas for **'ANSWERS'** Simplices, 3 witty Ideas
 for **'TIT-BITS'** Heads or Tails, and seven witty **'IDEAS'** and **'SUNDAY CHRONICLE'**
'Bounties', showing the correct and proper way to cross your postal order, and the copy of a
£250 winning 'Simp et.' showing you how to write your effort on the coupon; this
 will be an eye-opener for you. These 'Ideas' are the real **GOLDEN** sort—and one has
 already won **£100**, proof of which I will send. **Don't hesitate**, you will never regret
 sending for the 96-page 'Golden' Edition of 'Witty Bits'.

Sent Post Free with the 18 Free Brilliant Ideas, in plain parcel for 12.

T. W. BELGRAVE, Author,
Belgrave Publishing Co., 75 North Street, BRIGHTON.

FREE MIDDLES, ETC.

The Competitors' Mutual Society

Has a reputation to be proud of. Over **2,000 Premier Prizes**,
 and a total of **17,113** reported by members during 1912;
 73 per cent. of 3 months and upward members won, and we
 prove our assertions in the "Prize-Winners' Chronicle," sent free.

We have the services of **CLEVER COMPETI-
 TION EXPERTS**, all of proved ability and First-
 class Winners. It is the cleverest staff that has ever
 got together in the history of Competitions, and
 at the head we have **A RESIDENT EXPERT**
 on receipt of **£200 a year**. We pay our staff
 well; we can afford to, our wins are so many and our
 commissions big. The efforts we send out are the
BEST BRILLIANT BRAINS CAN EVOLVE!

Finals, Heads or Tails,
 Sallies, Middles, Bullets,
 Triangles, etc., evolved
 by our Staff are first criti-
 cised, and unless having
 a Winning Chance are
 not sent out. Every
 day of the week we
 receive spontaneous
 letters of thanks from
 delighted winners.

REPUTATION WITHOUT BLEMISH BEATS BOUNCE!

LOOK AT -	£350	...	...	WON ONCE
THESE -	£300	...	...	WON FOUR TIMES.
WINS -	£250	...	...	WON TEN TIMES.
	£200	...	...	WON THIRTEEN TIMES.
	£5 to £50	...	...	won Hundreds of Times.

One member has won over 100 prizes, another 39, scores over 12.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER FOR EFFORTS. YOU PAY US ONLY WHEN YOU WIN.

THIS IS THE FREE SUCCESS COUPON.

**TO THE SUPT.,
COMPETITORS' MUTUAL SOCIETY,
BEVERLEY, YORKS.**

Dear Sir,

Please send me two likely **First Prize Winning Efforts**
 for....., also copy of the **Prize Winners' Chronicle**, giving **PROOF** of
 Wins by hundreds of members in all papers. I enclose stamped addressed
 envelope (or 1d. stamp), and agree to pay on Wins as follows: 5s. prize, 9d.;
 7s. 6d. prize, 1s.; 10s. prize, 1s. 6d.; £1 or over, 2s. 6d. in the £. If I like
 your efforts, you will let me have a three months' supply on your
NO WIN—NO PAY SYSTEM.

NAME

ADDRESS

Remember, IT'S FREE!!
SEND NOW, IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Address: **SUPT., C.M.S., 26 North Bar W**

BEVERLEY.

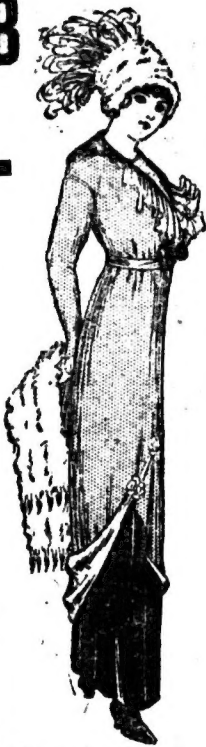


This is the Ambrose Wilson Magneto Corset.

THIS SUPERB (Gold Medal) CORSET SENT FOR 1/-

Mr. Ambrose Wilson's Marvellous Invention, "The Corset that Cures," is now within the reach of every woman who fills in and sends to-day the Coupon below.

Beauty, Charm, Grace, and above all GOOD HEALTH, assured to all who wear "The Corset that Cures."



This is the charming effect it produces.

I WANT every lady who reads this to know that she can have at once a pair of my beautiful "New Model" (Gold Medal) Magneto Corsets sent direct to her address in return for a P.O. for 1/-.

From the moment when you put them on you begin to feel a ceaseless stream of Magnetic Power permeating your whole body from head to heel.



for one of my Magneto Corsets, and join the vast and increasing army of happy wearers of the most wonderful invention.

The joy of New Life, of New Health, and New Vigour thrills through every nerve. You feel a different woman. Your outlook upon life is different—brighter, happier, and more hopeful.

I want every woman who reads this to think for herself what it means to be thoroughly healthy, supremely vigorous, always to enjoy Life, not for an hour, not for a day, but for always. I want her to send



First fill in the Coupon.

The price of my Corset is not pounds, it is only shillings. The price is 5/11, but I do not ask you to send me that amount. All I ask is that you send me a postal order for 1/-, and by return of post I will send you a pair of my Magneto Corsets that will fit you like a glove. It will be a red-letter day to you the day you receive the Corsets, because it will be the beginning of new life.

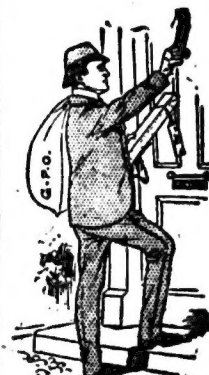
New Life and New Vigour can now be assured to all. Are you rheumatic? Yes. Then you can drive these pains out in less than a week. Are you nervous, run down, not up to the mark? Yes. Then you can banish these troubles and be strong and vigorous. Do you have headaches, neuralgia, fits of depression, mind-wandering? Do you feel you want to do things but you cannot because you lack the Will Power? In a word, if you are not in full possession of all your mental and physical powers the way has been opened up to you by which you can regain them.



Post your letter at once.



Then get a Postal Order for 1/-



And the Postman will bring the Corsets to your door.

"ON APPROVAL." COUPON POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON
(Corset Dept. 127), Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your corset measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Corset" on approval. I enclose 1/-, and if I do not immediately return Corset I will pay you the balance of 4/11 either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

Size of Waist,..... Bust..... Hips.....

Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1/6 extra to pay postage.

10,000 of my Marvellous Magneto Belt

SENT AT ONCE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL ORDER



Mr. Ambrose Wilson, the Inventor of the Magneto Belt.

1/-



Be a Man. Be Strong. Be Vigorous. Be Courageous and Self-reliant. Don't Be Down-hearted. Have a Bright Brain, a Healthy Body, and Iron Nerves, by wearing one of my Magneto Belts.

The weak can now be made strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will-Power can be regained, and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, downhearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, weak-willed and miserable have now been changed into strong, vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy, restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT, and test it at my expense.

From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel its Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free from pain, of being strong and vigorous of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality! and then read the simple, straightforward, and honest offer I make to you in the coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write for a Belt to-day and begin to feel the marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

Three DIPLOMAS and three GOLD MEDALS have been conferred upon me for my Magnetic Appliances at the Internationale Exposition, Paris, 1911.



At the Exposition Internationale Barcelona, 1912.



And at the Exposition Internationale Rome, 1913.



DON'T STAY WEAK, lacking vigour, courage, and self-confidence. Wear my Wonderful "Magneto Belt" now. Feel for yourself how it pours new life and strength into your system and every part of your body. Experience, the courage and self-confidence that comes with a body and brain strong and able in every way. Day and night it will pour magnetic vigour into every part of your body.

The price of my Belt is not £5 (although many have written to say that it is honestly worth £5 amount). The price is only 5/-. I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and so I enclose 1/- only and I will send you the Belt to-day on receipt of post.

"NEW LIFE." COUPON

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
27 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your full name on a piece of paper, fill in your measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval, and if I do not return Belt within seven days I will send you the balance of 4/- either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

Size of my Waist is..... inches

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount, and 1/- extra for postage.